THIS IS A MAN'S PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 12. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 23, 1909. ONE PENNY.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

Headache	Nervousness	Neurasthenia	Neuralgia	Hysteria
Insomnia or Sleeplessness	Irritability	Morbid Forebodings	Dizziness	Despondency or Depression and
Brain Fag	Nervous Palpitations	Faintness	Trembling	General Brain and
Lassitude	Nervous Indigestion	Melancholia	Restlessness	Nerve Exhaustion.
Vague Fears	Loss of Memory	Inability to Concentrate the Mind	Moroseness	
	Neuritis		Nervous Debility	

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

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THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

Week's Supply. FREE Week's Supply.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

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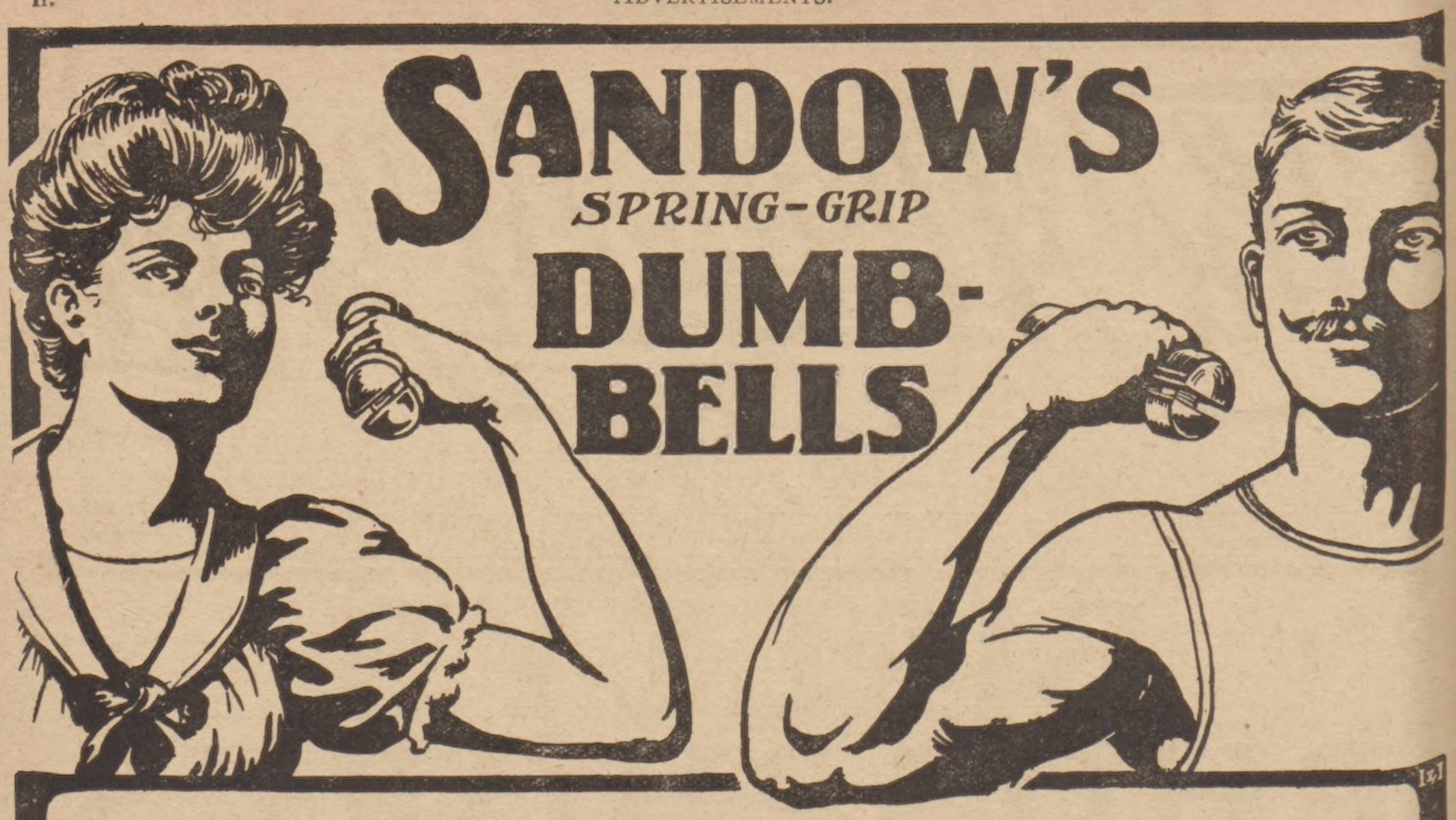

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For ONE PENNY A DAY until Paid for.

Perfect Health and Strength and a Muscular Development to be proud of can now be obtained for the small sum of *ONE PENNY PER DAY.*

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A Splendid Muscular Development within the reach of every British Man or Boy.

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It is this vital principle of concentration which has enabled the Sandow System to attain an enormous success in every quarter of the world, and it enables the pupil to attain perfect Health and Strength and Development by using the Grip Dumb-Bells regularly for

FIVE TO FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY.

This is very little time to ask you to give to the development of your body, and, as you well know, the strenuous times in which we live make it absolutely necessary for every man and youth who wishes to be successful to be the happy possessor of sound, vigorous, all-round health, strong, supple muscles and limbs, perfect digestion, a clear active brain, and nerves of steel, and the Grip Dumb-Bells are able to give you all this, and more.

To prove to you the truth of all we claim for these Dumb-Bells we are prepared to make you the following exceptional offer, viz.:

1. TO USE SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE OF COST FOR 30 DAYS.

Send your order for Dumb-Bells, together with the necessary amount of cash in P.O., to our address, and we will send by return, carriage paid, the pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells desired. With the Dumb-Bells we shall include (free of charge) a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

You can then use the Dumb-Bells for thirty days, and if at the end of that period you are not satisfied with the results, send them back, and we will return your money in full. We stand all risk.

The above offer is, as you will see, a very generous one; but we have come to the conclusion that it might be inconvenient for you to pay the whole amount at once, and as we have a great belief in the honesty of the readers of this paper, we make you Offer No. 2, viz.:

2. YOU CAN PAY FOR THE GRIP DUMB-BELLS BY INSTALMENTS OF ONE PENNY A DAY.

We will immediately, on receipt of postal order for 2s. 6d., send you, post free, a pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, together with a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

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The Dumb-Bells are made in the following sizes and prices:

GENTLEMEN'S Nickel-plated, leather-cloth-covered handles, weight about 3 lbs. each Dumb-bell; 7 adjustable springs. Price **12/6** per pair, or **2/6** down & balance by four monthly instalments of **2/6** each.

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The Springs being removable, they can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete, and are a perfect and complete Physical Culture Outfit. Address all communications to—

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 12. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 23RD, 1909. ONE PENNY.

LEAVE ART ALONE.

IT WRECKS MANY A CAREER.

At the Royal College of Art in South Kensington there are men of thirty-five and forty who are still learning how to make a living.

Some day, they tell you if you get them in a confidential mood, they intend to do something great. Possibly you persuade them to show you examples of their work and you discover that there is no sort of merit or promise in it whatsoever. These men are mediocre, and mediocrity has no chance of success in art.

Throughout the country we have art schools of a similar kind, assisted by the State at the taxpayers' expense, and from these schools some hundreds of certificated teachers are annually thrust upon the world.

They are destined to teach other young men and women how to teach others, until some day, if matters go on as they are doing, we shall have every person in the country either an art teacher or an art student.

And yet the money we lavish on art has not brought us within recent years an increased number of good pictures. We have now, as we always have had, a few men, born geniuses, who can produce excellent pictures, and who owe nothing whatsoever to the teaching of the schools.

The rudiments of the game they have, of course, had pointed out to them, but their success is due to no system of tuition but to individual genius.

Why should so many men of all ages be rotting out a useless existence in connection with the various art schools? Simply because drawing and painting are extremely entertaining hobbies if you once take them up. The schools are comfortable, warm, and well-lighted, and a foolish Government supplies the harder working of the students with scholarships which are sufficient to enable them to live and clothe themselves.

Thus supplied, the art student has no incentive for further endeavour. He is perfectly content to spend his life in the art schools, playing at his hobby.

That is why they keep at it. The reason why they ever started was the folly of their parents.

Every little boy can draw a little pig on his little slate, and in nine cases out of ten his mother assures him that it is a much better pig than any other little boy can draw, and thus does the little boy in question imagine himself to be possessed of exceptional artistic ability; and his parents, worshipping his supposed genius, willingly sacrifice a substantial amount of their scanty income to enable him to attend an art school till he finally becomes independent of them by gaining a scholarship.

Art schools account for more wasted lives than any other group of institutions, and it would be a good day for the nation if the doors of each of them were closed and bolted; art is a splendid thing, but it cannot be taught except in its most elementary stages.

ALBERT COUTTS.

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RANDOM SHOTS.

Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant.—SCOTT.

The question of the day in Holland: Willhelmina?

* * * * * * *

A ladies' journal recommends, as a means of getting rid of mice, stopping their holes with a paste made among other things of "cayenne *paper*." We suggest the "Pink 'Un," or the "Winning Post."

* * * * * * *

Can anyone tell us the precise value of the amateurship of those Australian cricketers who are refusing to come to England because the money inducements are insufficient?

* * * * * * *

"The speculator," says Mr. Andrew Carnegie in his new book, "seldom leaves a millionaire's fortune." We don't blame him. We should stick to it ourselves if the millionaire would let us.

* * * * * * *

Several Scotsmen will become endowed with second sight about this time.

* * * * * * *

A Frankfort doctor is prescribing laughter as a cure for nervous diseases. He says sufferers should laugh regularly every day, and they must laugh until the tears run down their cheeks. They are entertained by professional "funny men," and it is said that many of the patients start weeping at once.

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The *Lancet* tells us that metals are often "sick." We suppose they suffer from metallic poisoning.

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The Suffragettes are wearing "beehive bonnets." We always did think they had a bee in their bonnets.

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"We are willing to work" is the cry of the unemployed. We have every sympathy with these unfortunate persons, but the pity is that with many of them though the spirit may be willing the flesh is wofully weak when it comes to a bit of work.

NORMAN FRASER.

THE EDITOR ASKS A FAVOUR.

THE MODERN MAN has now been running for three months, but this is the first favour I have asked of you—and I believe you will oblige me in the matter.

I ask the courtesy of your assistance in increasing my circulation, which is already a record one.

What I should like you to do is to mention THE MODERN MAN to just one of your friends. Tell him what you think of it, and if he is not then persuaded to become a reader, lend him this copy. My travellers are unanimous in saying that wherever THE MODERN MAN is introduced permanent readers are gathered in. Will you oblige me by introducing it to somebody? I know you feel friendly towards me, and I make this request with the knowledge that you will do what you can.

Many thanks to you!

YOUR EDITOR.

SHOP TRANSFER SWINDLES.

SOME WORDS OF WARNING.

At the present moment many people are making a comfortable income by purchasing businesses, "working them up" and selling them again. If the business was really improved it would of course be kept on, but the increase of sales is only apparent.

Let the man with a little money beware of the advertiser who is retiring or going abroad. His hook is well baited, generally with the assurance that the business for which he asks only £100 will bring you in something like £10 a week.

There is a grocer in London who has made many hundreds of pounds a year by a novel form of this fraud. He has a main establishment and three branch shops, all doing a sound trade, but, not satisfied with that, he buys a small grocer's store in a decaying neighbourhood at a low price, and then orders the goods for his four other shops through this new one.

When this has gone on for a few months, he advertises that he is about to retire, and the prospective purchaser of the recently acquired shop sees by the wholesalers' invoices that the monthly turnover has approached the four figures. It is only when he has been in the shop for a week or two that he discovers how he has been deceived.

The popularity of seaside resorts has opened another field for the fraudulent. There the trade is a season one, the bulk of the year's profits being made in June, July and August.

Towards the end of August the wily dealer in shops visits these holiday towns and makes overtures to various small shopkeepers, buying one or two establishments at a low figure. Then he advertises that, owing to ill-health, he must dispose at a sacrificial price of the business he has just bought. He lies concerning the price he paid, and demands three times the amount, referring the buyer to the shop books which for the past three months show very substantial takings.

This game can only be worked with greenhorns, for all others understand that the summer months cannot be taken as typical of the year's trade at the seaside, but there are greenhorns enough for the disposal of such businesses on such lines.

There is one old lady who lives in a suburb of London who has sailed perilously near the rocks of the law but always managed to steer just clear of them. Tobacconists' and confectioners' shops are her favourite purchases, and those she buys at £50 she can generally sell for £100. She is a splendid window dresser and makes the shop look as if it were doing a good trade although it is not, but above all she has white hair and innocent eyes, and the buyer feels that she is incapable of cheating him.

Another swindler buys up shops the leases of which are about to expire, and angles for greenhorns until he finds one who takes the business at its apparent value without understanding that in less than a year's time the landlord will take it from him.

E. TILBURY SMITH.

SIN

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst.
—KIPLING.

If there is one obsession more than another from which we are suffering at this moment, it is the constant dinning into our ears of the fact that we are sinners.

It is a fact. Our own knowledge is backed up by the statement in Holy Writ. We know we are sinners.

But why keep on reminding us of it?

Who does the reminding?

Men who are suffering from a complaint which I may call schoolmasteritis; they feel they must lay down the law to somebody or burst.

NEW SINS.

In the old days we had merely to listen to stern orders not to do murder and certain other things that no sane man ever wanted to do. Now the scope of sin has been increased till it embraces all that the cranks themselves don't want to do.

You are thirsty, and you go into a public house at the end of the street in which you live, in order that you may have a modest drink. You were injudicious in your selection of a place of refreshment, for some of your neighbours saw you go in, and they will tell all the rest.

Henceforth you will be branded as a sinner, and will be held up to the neighbours' children as the sort of man they must not be when they grow up.

Do not think that I am a toper. I am not. But I regard strong waters as a gift of the gods, and I partake of them whenever I feel that I should be the better for doing so. In one of His miracles Christ made wine, which He would not have done had He disapproved of its use. Yet the petty wretches who take unto themselves the naming of what shall and what shall not be sins, have the impertinence to include the drinking of alcoholic refreshment in their list.

A TEST FOR SIN.

When we find a man making a beast of himself with liquor, then we can call him a sinner justly. His sin bears its own punishment—in loss of all other appetites, in loss of business, and so forth. All genuine sin brings its own wages in this way, and the fact may be regarded as a test of what is and what is not really sin.

But the man who has his glass of beer occasionally suffers no ill effects, and is not a sinner, though by many he is held to be such.

Then we have the vegetarians with some more invented sins. It is wrong, they tell us, to deprive animals of life in order that we may feast upon them. I am not going to argue with them. I will merely say that they forbid a thing which is condoned in the Bible, and that Book is a sufficiently exacting standard of morals for most of us.

To pass from these artificial sins to real ones, let us consider whether any good purpose is served by the constant preaching of sin. Does it make us better?

I remember when I was a youngster taking the greatest delight in robbing an orchard. The pears which grew there never seemed to ripen, and you had to climb far and perilously to reach them. Yet I preferred them to those which were to be had in the shops, and which were really better to taste and better for my internal economy. It was not poverty that made me steal the pears; I could have had a penny to buy some if I had asked for it. But I did not ask.

Why did I prefer the pears that were the property of another?

Simply because I had been told that it was very sinful to steal, and had been warned that the orchard master kept a big and dangerous bull-dog. I believe it was the spice of risk that made me steal.

Had I never been commanded to leave that orchard alone, I do not believe I should have robbed it, at least not so often.

Later I smoked my first cigarette, not because I wanted to or because I liked the taste, but because I had been told that smoking was sinful. And some years after that I drank my first glass of beer, hating the bitterness of it, but resolving to keep at it till I had got to like it, because at that time I believed in my heart that it was sinful, and that it must be therefore worth doing.

The people who make it their job to set everyone else right—they always overlook themselves—go the wrong way about it.

"DON'T DO ANYTHING!"

Their teaching is all negative, and consists of an endless chain of Don'ts. The others listen to them because they want to hear some more things they shouldn't do, so that they can go and do them.

The right way to make the world better is to show the brighter side of good things.

Suppose you had a chum who was developing into a book-worm. Would it be wise to take him into the reading room of a public library and tell him that if he went on he would become like the time-wasters there? If you did that, he would only think that there must be great enjoyment in excessive reading, as otherwise so many people would not be engaged upon it.

Your lesson, being negative, would fail.

The sensible plan would be to take him to a football match, or to a boxing show if he did not know the rules of football, and, being a book-worm, it is possible he might not have this knowledge. If the sight of the players or the fighters did not arouse some of the man in him, you would be justified in giving him up as a hopeless case.

Our self-appointed teachers don't work on these lines. They don't show us the beauty of good things, and, not knowing these, the average sinner stops where he is.

WHY ARE SAINTS SO DULL?

About people's real sins it is impossible to judge, but we can speak of those we see on the surface. Consider for a moment all your acquaintances who rank themselves as saints. They are, of course, sinners in reality, as we all are, but they are called good, because they do not transgress any of the artificial moral rules such as the one I cited in connection with drinking. Consider them. Are they not all dull dogs?

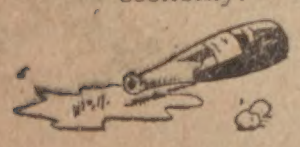
Why it should be I do not pretend to know. Possibly their thoughts are so closely centred on their sins and on the invention of new ones that they have no time to observe the things that matter and to make themselves interesting.

I think it was Burns who said:

"Here some are thinkin' on their sin,
And some upon their claes."

In my humble opinion the latter were by far the better employed.

DAVID COOPER.



MUFTI.

SHOULD OUR OFFICERS WEAR IT?

From time to time outcry is made by civilians fond of writing to the newspapers that Army officers should always wear uniform in public, and the subject has lately cropped up again.

Some critics profess to find in the Army officer's love of mufti, proof of his alleged lack of interest in his profession, even that he is ashamed of his uniform. That is arrant nonsense.

Officers like mufti; firstly, because of its inconspicuousness, and, secondly, for its convenience.

In bygone days, it is true, officers wore their uniforms at all times, but then those were periods when all gentlemen dressed in bright colours, and the officer was not made conspicuous by his scarlet and gold as he would be now.

Mind you, I don't think this argument is so strong as it used to be. For, compared with some motorists' and golfers' get-ups, military uniforms would be quite unobtrusive.

Then, of course, officers go in greatly for sport, and surely not even the severest of sartorial reformers would want to see a corpulent major trying to play golf in jack boots and spurs, or an officer in a tight tunic endeavouring to row his pretty cousin up the river.

Its quietness and convenience are the common-sense reasons why officers like mufti.

Here, as many people are mistaken on this point, I may mention that the wearing of mufti does not in any way relieve an officer of his military responsibilities, powers, and duties. He cannot, like the great Lord Burleigh taking off his wig, divest himself of his uniform, and say, "Lie there, Captain Snooks!" He is as much an officer in mufti as out of it.

An officer in mufti must be as strictly obeyed by his subordinates as when in uniform, and he cannot plead the fact of being in mufti as an excuse for failing to exercise his authority.

However, the point I set out to discuss is whether officers should always wear uniform in public. Taking the words "in public" to mean such more or less public functions as theatres, dances, dinners, etc., there is no convincing reason why they shouldn't.

So far as public entertainments are concerned the objection of conspicuousness would hardly apply, as these are more or less "dressy" functions, while, as regards comfort or convenience, uniform is just as comfortable as evening dress or frock coat and silk hat.

As a matter of fact, while serving in the colonies I remember being under a general who insisted on our wearing uniform whenever we went to the theatre, or other public entertainment, and even at private dances. And I don't think anyone minded except perhaps a harum-scarum officer who chanced breaking the rule one night and in mufti took a lady who—well, who wasn't received in society—to the theatre, and found himself in a box immediately opposite one in which were the general and his staff in full "war paint."

However, that painful incident aside, I am sure none of us found any inconvenience in carrying out the order.

On the whole, therefore, so far as public or semi-public occasions are concerned, there does not seem to be any substantial reason why officers should not wear uniform. But is there any good reason why they should? Well, it might do something to popularise the Army; but I am not sure of this. There are some people to whom a red coat is like a red rag to a bull, and, broadly speaking, John Bull does not like his Army forced down his throat.

It might save officers some expense in the way of keeping up a double wardrobe, but not much as they would still require their mufti for sports and purely private goings-about.

But it might do something to revolutionise men's dress and bring about a return to brighter fashions. And surely a really artistic change from the present general drabness would be welcome.

"CHINSTRAP."

The Traitor.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ALEXANDER WARING.

"Bertram, my boy," said the old man, "serve your country. Serve her well. At the end of it all she'll give you more kicks than halfpence, just as she has done in my case, but her sex entitles her to be fickle. Never mind about the reward; give her the best you have to give."

"Yes, dad," said the young man laughingly. "I don't see why I shouldn't."

The discussion of patriotism seemed to Lieutenant Bertram Kilroy to be an extremely unnecessary thing. It was one of the ideas that a man possessed innately. He had it given to him at birth, just as he inherited a love for women and sport. He regarded it as something akin to religion, a matter which is part of a man's soul or character, but which it is wholly unnecessary to talk about.

If you had asked him why he became a "cousin of his Majesty" by taking a commission in the Army, he would probably have told you that it was because his father had been a soldier before him, and possibly also because both at home and at school he had been taught to look upon a soldier's life as the only possible one for him.

The work entailed sat lightly upon him, as it did upon the majority of his colleagues. The life was bright and full of appeal to a healthy young man, and he was perfectly happy.

If war should ever break out, he would, of course, take his part with the rest, but the Army in time of war is a very different organisation from that of peace, and it would be soon enough to think what valiant deeds he would do for his country when the herald of the enemy read forth the ultimatum from the steps of the Royal Exchange.

"You take it too lightly, my boy," continued his father. "I know you love your regiment, but the regiment is but a part of the whole force, and the force is but a servant of the country. Love your country and you love all that a man need care for."

Kilroy laughed again, not discourteously, but it amused him to hear his father sermonising in this manner.

He knew very well that, when the old general was a lieutenant himself, he had taken life lightly and things as they came. Serious views were for old men and those who were out of the actual combat.

"I'm going over to the Glaves this morning," said the young man. "They are getting up a party to go down to the races and they have asked me to go along with them."

"Go by all means," said his father, "but do not be jealous of the Glaves. They happen to be blessed with more worldly wealth than you, but possibly Providence has made up to you in some way for your comparative poverty. I suppose young Glave has not got leave too?"

"No," said Bertram, "he is still with the rest. They could not spare two such brilliant young men at the same time, so they kept the better of the two and that is how I'm here."

It was a sorry little jest, but it served to prevent the general from continuing his exposition of philosophic wisdom, and, before the old man could say anything further, his son had disappeared down the drive and the only evidence of his existence was the clip-clop of the horse's feet on the highroad.

The general retired to his study to jot down in a notebook the various points on which he considered he should tender his son his opinions at their next meeting, and he was so engaged when a servant knocked at the door and brought to him a bulky envelope with the name Bertram Kilroy inscribed upon it.

"I found it in the passage, sir," she explained.

Father and son had the same name, which sometimes led to confusion. The young man had, the general knew, carried some letters from his bedroom to the study on the previous day, and when he had answered them had carried some of them back again. Possibly he might have dropped this one.

On the other hand, it looked very much like an envelope in which the general had fastened up some legal documents.

"Probably," said the old man to himself, "it is my own. If it happens to be Bertram's, no harm will be done, for there are no secrets between us."

He slit the flap of the envelope and pulled out a bunch of letters. Fixing his spectacles, he opened out the first and read:

"I have submitted your communication to my superiors, and, although they agree with me that £5,000 is a very stiff price, still they authorise me to pay it to you when the plans are delivered to us in safety.

"To avoid any misunderstanding or dispute afterwards, let me remind you that for this sum you are to supply us with exact plans of all the forts guarding the estuary of the Thames on the south side.

"If subsequently you are transferred to a depôt on the north side, where you have facilities for observation, we shall pay a similar sum for particulars of the forts there."

The communication was dated from Berlin and was merely signed with initials. The general suddenly shivered and flushed. Surely there must be some mistake. He unfolded the next letter and perused it:

"We are obliged to you for the plans and photographs of the fortifications around Woolwich, and we enclose herewith the sum agreed upon, namely £2,000."

This epistle bore a Paris address and was signed by a name well-known in Continental diplomatic circles.

And so on throughout this interesting collection. Letter after letter breathed forth treason of the blackest description.

"I should never have let him go into the Army," said the general. "He is too poor to keep up with the other officers, and his poverty had led him into this—the blackest crime that a man could commit. To think that he is of my own flesh and blood!"

In the evening the young man came home from the races radiant with the day's outing, and by ten o'clock he was sound asleep, as if such a word as traitor did not exist in the language.

His father waited till all the household had retired, and then he took his old service revolver from a drawer in his bureau, loaded it in two chambers, and crept along the passage to the door of his son's bedroom.

The door clicked a little as he closed it behind him, but the young man was sleeping too soundly to hear it. The general stole across the room like a shadow to where a brown head rested on the pillow.

He laid his forearm along the bolster to steady it, for his hand was trembling. Then gradually, almost with a sense of satisfaction at his own cunning, he moved the weapon forward till it was within an inch of the back of his son's head, when he laid his finger upon the trigger.

Just then a cloud passed from in front of the moon, and the light glittered amongst the brown hair beside the revolver muzzle.

The general observed, as he had often done, that the colour of his son's hair was exactly that of the glorious tresses of his dead wife. What would she say if she knew that he was murdering her boy?

A cold sweat broke out upon his face, slowly he drew back the weapon, and then, crossing the floor as stealthily as he had come, he left the room.

The young man slept serenely on, while his father locked himself in his study, threw himself upon a couch and wept like a child or a woman.

"I cannot kill him," he said, "but I must take means to prevent him from poisoning the world with his crimes. Henceforward there will be no Lieutenant Bertram Kilroy."

The house was a very old one and beneath the wine cellar there was another and a deeper dungeon. Into this latter the general invited his son to accompany him on the following morning, and, when the young man looked round, he found the stone flag which covered the entrance at the top firmly closed down, the ladder which formed the only means of egress removed, and his father nowhere to be seen.

Striking a match he discovered that a mattress and blankets had been spread upon some planks on the floor, and that food and a letter lay on a table beside it. The message was to inform him that this was to be his prison for life, and that his father, who was to be his gaoler, would pass down food from time to time.

Two days later there appeared a notice in the newspapers announcing to the world that Lieutenant Kilroy had fallen into a crevasse while mountaineering in Switzerland, and much sympathy was expressed with his father.

On the evening of the day on which this information appeared, there called at the general's house Captain Glave, who at great inconvenience had hastened from the garrison town to see the father of his late friend.

"I am particularly anxious," said Captain Glave, "to recover a packet of letters which your son promised to take to London on my behalf and place in a safe-deposit. I had no idea he was going to Switzerland, but possibly he may have left the letters amongst his baggage here."

"What were they about?" asked the general.

"That is a question your son never asked me," said Captain Glave, "and I don't know why I should explain to you. He was coming home and he expected to run up to London some time before his leave expired, and so he offered to oblige me in the matter. The letters were of a confidential nature and were contained in a large envelope with his name upon it."

The general bounded to his study for the envelope which had contained the treasonous letters.

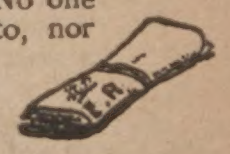
"Great Scott!" cried Glave when he saw it. "Someone has opened the packet!"

"Yes," said the general very calmly, "I did, and I know what the letters contain. For your parents' sake I give you one day to clear out of the country. I shall keep these letters, and if I ever hear of you being in England I shall immediately forward them with an explanation to the War Office."

When he had shown Glave out, he unlocked the door leading to the cellars, and descended the flight of stairs to where his son was confined. Then he removed the flagstone and invited him to come up.

On the following morning there were two items of information, one in particular exciting much public interest. The first announced that Lieutenant Bertram Kilroy had, after all, escaped the effects of his descent into the crevasse and had returned to Basle and was now on his way to England.

The second was sensational, and was headed, "Strange Disappearance of a British Officer." It announced that Captain Glave of the Royal Engineers had requested special leave on the previous morning, and by nightfall had forwarded a letter to his commanding officer stating that he had no time to wait for a formal tendering of his commission and that therefore he must be considered a deserter. No one knew where Captain Glave had gone to, nor did anyone ever find out.



Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TO READERS OF THIS PAGE.

At the request of various readers, I have already given exercises for the correction of slight physical defects, such as round shoulders, and I shall always be happy to expound others to meet special cases, provided, of course, that the fault is one which can be corrected by physical culture.

I have received valuable assistance from many teachers of physical culture, one of the latest to write to me being Mr. W. Pitcher of Merthyr, better known as the Miniature Ajax. I am very glad to have the co-operation of the experts and I invite them to write to me.

Letters from amateur physical culturists are equally welcome, and they have frequently suggested fresh exercises, which I have invariably found to be popular with readers of this page. Mr. W. N. Kerr, of Ranelagh, Dublin, sends me a photograph showing magnificent development of the back muscles, along with the comforting information that he finds the system here given better than any other he has tried.

I want to keep the exercises of a purely developing character, and I do not intend to give any which are merely designed to cure troubles of the digestive organs without increasing the muscular growth. I find by my correspondence that my readers are an uncommonly healthy lot, and I do not believe that a series of curative exercises would be appreciated by the majority of them, though a few have asked me to devise such exercises.

I shall, however, be happy to produce an exercise for the special development of any muscle in the body, and I shall be glad to conform in this matter to the wishes of those readers who may write to me.

FOR THE LEGS.

Rest your hands lightly on your waist, and have the weight properly balanced between the two feet. Now raise the left leg till it is horizontal, keeping the toe pointed outwards, instead of allowing it to point up, as it will want to do.

Keep the knees quite stiff.

Lower the leg slowly and repeat. Do not allow either knee to bend during this exercise.

Do the exercise with the right leg when the left begins to feel tired.

Great strain is placed upon both legs, if you do this exercise as it ought to be done.

This exercise is not to be confused with the one I gave last week. There you bent the knee; here you keep it stiff. Both exercises have their special merits.

THE NEED OF VARIETY.

We hear from time to time of the collapse of professional strong men, of their dying of consumption and other functional complaints. We physical culturists are inclined to look upon their case as exceptional, and we search about for some grand old strong man who may be cited as an example of the life-giving value of athletics.

It would be much better if we bravely faced the case of the prematurely aged strong man, admitted that his collapse was due to his muscular development, and calmly and philosophically set ourselves the task of finding the reason. In this way we should discover an interesting fact concerning physical culture, and protect ourselves from danger.

The strong man who performs in public is wont to develop his biceps at the expense of all other muscles. He over-exercises what may be called his show muscles, and, to repair the waste caused by the exercise, his vital powers are during sleep drawn to these muscles while the repair of the tissues of the lungs and other organs is more or less incomplete.

Nature is competent to repair strained tissues and to remove waste matter, but she cannot do this thoroughly if you make her job too big.

There is yet another reason why the professional strong man fails in health. He concentrates his attention on the show muscles, and generally leaves those of the abdomen to look after themselves.

He draws the blood and the strength that is in him to his arms and leaves the stomach uncared for. Here we have another point driven home, namely the advisability of practising an all-round system of physical culture.

It is very nice to be able to set up a fine biceps, and it is generally the biceps by which your muscular development is judged, at least while your coat is on; but it is unsafe to develop the biceps without improving the other muscles of the body at the same time.

To this end, constantly change your exercises, and further the advantages of mechanical physical culture by adopting some active sport such as running or boxing, which call into play every muscle of the body and help to equalise your whole development.

A STRETCHING EXERCISE.

Stand at attention, keeping the feet about eighteen inches apart, and have the fists tightly clenched by the sides. Bend over to the left, letting your left fist slide down your thigh till it touches the side of your knee. Do it slowly, and as slowly resume your former position. Repeat some ten times and then do it to the right side.

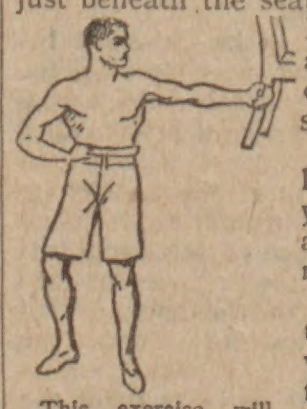
A quick way to make your figure symmetrical and your carriage easy.

Be most careful to keep the right foot firmly planted on the ground while you are bending to the left, and vice-versa. If you allow either foot to leave the floor, you spoil the exercise.

Here we have a quick method of developing the muscles of the waist and of straightening the back and adding to the general symmetry of the body. Don't do it with a jerk and don't strain yourself too much at first.

BETTER THAN DUMB-BELLS.

Grasp the leg of a chair with your left hand just beneath the seat, and raise it off the floor. Hold it at arm's length, and throughout the whole of this exercise keep the seat perfectly level.



This exercise will rapidly give you a powerful grip and arms of enormous strength.

Contract the arm till the leg of the chair touches your side; then thrust it out again to arm's length, and repeat till tired.

This exercise beats all the dumb-bells ever invented. The leverage of the chair against your arm and wrist is enormous, for by maintaining the seat in a level position you are holding it in an unnatural position. Hence your wrist is developed as well as your biceps and triceps.

When you have thoroughly exercised one arm, repeat with the other.

MILITARY TRAINING.

WHAT IT DOES FOR A MAN.

No one who has travelled in Germany and Austria can have failed to observe the high physical standard of the average inhabitant of these countries. His carriage is good, and statistics prove that his chest measurement is considerably greater than our own.

We are pre-eminently a nation of sportsmen. Why then should our average physical condition be inferior to that of these two nations who follow sports only in a half-hearted manner?

It is due to their system of compulsory military service.

It is only in public schools that the British boy is properly taught how to play games. Visit any public park on a Saturday afternoon and observe the boys and young men of the working classes playing cricket. They are acquainted with the rules of the game, as anyone might be after a quarter of an hour's study, but they have no notion whatsoever of style, and it is that which gives to cricket its greatest usefulness as a means of developing suppleness and physical grace.

Football is more popular in this country than anywhere else, and it is safe to say that practically every Briton knows the rules of the game and takes some interest in the doings of the leading clubs. Yet we are not a nation of footballers. While the hired exponents of the game play for profit, we sit around watching them. There is little to develop the chest in that.

Horse-racing is a typically British sport. Yet we are not a nation of horsemen. We study the evening papers for the results of races, we may even attend a race meeting, where we stand about and pass a more or less anxious time according to the amount of money we have staked. Here again there is very little to develop the physique.

The Thames is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, yet how many Londoners can row?

There are rabbits in abundance within fifteen miles of the Metropolis, yet how many of its inhabitants can shoot? The truth is that we talk more about sports than practise them.

The German and the Austrian, on the other hand, regard sport as amusement for children only. That they are entirely wrong in this is evidenced by certain serious defects in their national character. Where they are right is in depending for their physical health on a scientific method of development.

During their years of military service they are taught not only to walk correctly but are also drilled and instructed in exercises which have been specially devised to develop the body in its every part.

They are diligent and hard-working people. Business with them is paramount. If they were told they must spend so many hours weekly playing football in order to maintain their physical fitness they would reply that they could do very well without being physically fit; but they have been taught certain simple and scientific military exercises, and these require so little time that they continue to practise them even after they have left the Army.

In that lies their physical supremacy.

We also lack the time for an indulgence in sports sufficient to bring us to our highest pitch of development. We will not drop sport, for we love it too much. So we continue to take an abstract, a newspaper interest in sports.

This is an eminently healthful thing to do. It supplies us with a sphere of interest entirely outside our own lives.

But let us supplement it by adopting some such consistent and scientific system as the military physical culture exercises on the Continent.

Till military training is made compulsory for every British adult, our young men will best serve their own ends by joining the Territorials.

If they lack the time for that, let them practise physical culture exercises regularly at home. The added health is worth it.

BERTRAM ROBSON.

UNHEROIC HEROES.

SOME SIDELIGHTS ON COURAGE.

It thrills one with pleasure to read of some dashing bit of self-sacrifice, for the reader murmurs to himself: "That is just what I should have done," or, if he searches his heart more deeply: "That is what I should have liked to do if I had the pluck."

Such being the glamour that surrounds the deed heroic, it seems almost brutal to raise the curtain, but truth demands that the reader should know that the brave deed is often impelled by motives quite unromantic.

When I was a reporter on a Midland paper I was given by my editor charge of a very interesting case.

Briefly, the circumstances were these. A little girl of eight had been left to keep house and look after the baby, while her mother went out to wash for a wealthier neighbour.

Presently a playmate passed and the girl went to the door to speak to her. She learnt that up the street a man was presenting free circus tickets to the children, and the temptation proved too great. Dashing upstairs to see that the baby was all right, the girl locked the door of the cottage and went off for a ticket.

She had just secured one when there came a cry of "Fire!" Off she flew with the others to see it, but discovered to her horror that the outbreak was at her mother's cottage. The baby had upset a clothes-horse in front of the fire, and now the rickety building was a mass of flames.

Without a moment's hesitation, however, the child dashed through the crowd, into the cottage, and brought out the baby. She was badly burnt herself, but her charge was scarcely touched. Testimonials were got up and gifts were showered upon her, and she became a sort of Grace Darling.

I shall never forget interviewing her.

"I suppose you love your baby brother very dearly?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "well enough. But it wasn't that that made me get him out. It was mother. You don't know mother; she's awful. She'd have beaten me half to death if anything had happened to Tommy!"

More recently I joined the staff of a London newspaper, and shortly afterwards I was sent to write up a railway smash which had occurred about two hours' journey out of town. An express train had become derailed, and many of the passengers had lost their lives. The first man I interviewed was a commercial traveller who at great personal risk had jumped on the overturned engine and turned off the steam.

"I should think it took a bit of pluck to do that," I said, "seeing that you would scarcely know which lever to pull."

"Well," he confessed, "the fact was I happened to see a man pointing a camera at the engine, and I wanted to get into the picture."

A brother journalist once told me an amusing story of a famous life-saver, to whom a presentation was being made and whose history he had been ordered to write. He was a good swimmer, and as his work was mostly at the docks he had been able to save a score of people from drowning.

"But I ain't a-goin' to do any more of it," he told his interviewer in confidence. "This here presentation won't be repeated, so what's the bloomin' use?

"None of the people I've ever saved have paid me the price of a new suit of clothes, and some haven't even said thank-you. So there's to be no more of the heroic business for me!"

"Then it wasn't out of pure philanthropy that you saved the people from drowning?" asked the journalist.

"Philanthropy be blowed!" replied the hero. "Do you see any green in my eye? You'd better put it in your paper as philanthropy, though. It might as well have been, for all I've got out of it."

Needless to say, this little confession did not figure in the printed interview.

T. DICKSON COLE.

THE MEDICO'S MISFORTUNE.

In the middle of the night the telephone bell in the doctor's bedroom woke him up. The message was that a certain healthy but cranky patient wanted to see him at once.

The doctor groaned.

"For goodness' sake tell him I'm out of town," he whispered to his wife.

Which, alas for her reputation, she did.

Next day he called on the patient, and apologised for being away.

"So you were really away?" asked the patient.

"Of course, I was," came the unblushing reply.

The patient grasped his hand in sympathy.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, old chap," he said. "I distinctly heard a man's voice in your bedroom talking to your wife."

ESSENTIALLY DIFFERENT.

They were two estimable young gentlemen who earned their living in a distinctly novel manner. It was their custom to wait beside the pond of the North Inch at Perth for any stray golf balls that might come their way.

When they got one they hid it in the mud at the edge of the pond, waited till the golfer had sorrowfully given up searching for his property, and then they retrieved it, finally to dispose of it at a shop they knew of.

One morning a ball came skipping across the grass in their direction, and one of the boys collared it; but the heart of the other was softened.

"Gie him his ba'," he said. "He's only a workin' man."

"Naw," replied the other, "he's a Dundee bobby hame for his holidays."

So the ball was duly concealed, and the usual process gone through.

THE COLONEL'S CURE.

Private Senter and Private Back were excellent soldiers, and doubtless there would have been peace between them had they not, previous to enlistment, been members of rival football clubs.

As it was, life was with them one long vendetta. Senter would happen to slip just when Back was raising a glass of beer to his mouth, and the brown refresher would empty itself down the front of the latter's tunic, and Back's foot had an unhappy knack of being in the way when Senter was carrying the grub to the mess-room. It was after one of these little incidents that information concerning this animosity reached the Colonel's ears, and his order to the sergeant-major was brief.

Next day Privates Senter and Back were told off to clean the barrack windows; they were ordered to clean one window at a time, Private Senter to take the outside and Private Back the inside.

For the first three windows they scowled at one another. During their operations on the fourth, Private Senter's underlip was seen to tremble a little, and when they reached the fifth both men burst out laughing, since when they have been as staunch as the comrades you hear about in music-hall songs.

OUR OLD NOBILITY?—BOSH!

'Tis impudence and money makes the peer.—DE FOE.

The ancestors of the hero of every novelette came to this country, we are informed, with the Conqueror; and there is a popular delusion that the same long pedigree applies to most of our present-day nobles.

As a matter of truth, not one titled person of the present time can lay claim to having had an ancestor present at the battle of Hastings.

William the Conqueror annexed England in 1066. It is almost exactly two centuries later till the oldest peerage of England was created.

Lord de Ros traces his descent from the first baron, who was created in 1264. This gentleman's real name, however, is not de Ros but Fitzgerald, and his line of descent is by no means direct.

Lord Mowbray follows him closely, the creation of his dignity dating from 1283, but in his case also the line has been broken more than once.

If you look up the pedigree of the Duke of Northumberland in one of the peerage reference books, you will see it asserted that he is a direct descendant of Charlemagne and of that fine old Danish chieftain, Rollo.

All this looks very well in a pedigree, but it is for the most part fanciful.

The present duke claims to be a descendant of the Percies, but he rejoices in the plebeian name of Smithson. The earldom which he holds was created only as far back as the time of George II., and the dukedom in the reign after that.

The peerage of Scotland is even more modern. Lord Forbes, who is the premier baron of Scotland, can trace his descent only as far back as 1440.

Many of the Highland chieftains have far longer pedigrees than this, but they are outside the present inquiry as they do not rank as peers.

The longest traceable descent is that of Lord Kingsale, the premier baron of Ireland, the first Lord Kingsale being created in 1181, more than a hundred years after the Norman conquest. His line also has been broken in more than one place.

Only one of our lords can therefore trace his descent back to the reign of Henry II. We have one dating back to the time of Henry III; four can be traced back to the reign of Edward I.; Henry VII. created one line which now exists; Edward VI., two; Mary, one.

When Queen Elizabeth took up the reins of power she found between thirty and forty peers. She created many, but the first big batch starts with the reign of James I., who sold peerages and did rather a good business in this line, as he managed to dispose of sixty-two altogether.

Charles I. created thirty; Charles II., eighty-seven.

By the time George I. had finished with them, the peers numbered two hundred and sixteen, a number which his successor raised to two hundred and twenty-nine. George III. beat all records, creating altogether two hundred and twenty-four peers, generally men who were wholly unfitted for the high honour, bankers, merchants, political nobodies and others who had done a lot for themselves and nothing for the country.

At the present time our peerage numbers seven hundred and ten, and it is constantly being added to from the ranks of brewers, cigarette-makers and ship-builders.

Many of these are deserving of any honour their country can bestow upon them, and competent to conduct her business. But there are others. I am not overstepping the mark when I say that half the peers created within the last ten years have got their titles by party intrigue and bribery.

As I have shown, the House of Lords is practically a modern institution, a fact which should enable us to come to a better understanding of any question which may arise as to the place it is to occupy in the government of the country.

LAWRENCE WOOD.

POST YOUR PARAGRAPH TODAY.

OFFICE CAUTIONS.

In most offices there is a washing place used by all members of the staff, and in some a towel is also provided for the convenience of everybody.

If you are lucky enough to be the first to wash your hands, you may use this towel in safety, for it is generally clean each morning, but if you use it at lunch time, you run a risk of being infected with any skin disease that may be going; your office mates are probably healthy enough, but this does not always apply to the office boys, who are often none too cleanly, but who have a trick of washing and consequently using the towel oftener than anyone else, probably because the time spent in so doing affords them a chance of shirking their work.

Take the simple precaution of keeping your own towel, and never lend it to anyone. A towel will last you a week, and it is worth the trouble of bringing.

In the drawer where you keep your towel, you might also have a bit of mirror, a spare handkerchief, a comb, a clothes' brush, and, of course, a bit of soap.

It is as dangerous to use the office soap or hair brush as it is to use the towel.

SECOND WIND.

The mystery of the second wind is a thing inexplicable to the novice.

In ordinary breathing we do not use much more than half our lungs, and it is only when you undergo severe exercise and more oxygenation of the blood is required that these unused parts are turned to account.

It is the sudden opening of these unused cells which gives you the familiar pain of a stitch in the side.

When you feel this, run cautiously for a bit, when you will find that the pain disappears, the reserve cells begin to act, and you are possessed of your second wind.

PROFESSIONAL TRICKSTERS.

There sometimes comes to my hotel a sharper who produces from his coat pocket what appears to be a heavy silver snuff box. He invites anyone in the room to swallow it, and eventually several bets are made that he himself will not do so.

Greatly to the bettors' disgust he attacks the box with a penknife, scraping off from it a thin coating of tinfoil and revealing that the substance of which the bulk is formed is merely sugar. This he eats without trouble, and finally swallows the tinfoil rolled in pellets.

There can be little doubt but that his health will eventually suffer from the swallowing of the tinfoil, but meantime he is duping a good many who are foolish enough to make wagers with him.

There is another man who gets you to bet that he cannot make a fly lift the wooden matches out of the matchstand on the bar counter.

When the bets are made he produces a bluebottle from a box in his pocket, and, holding it by the wings, places it so that its feet touch the ends of the matches.

It grasps each match, and, while it still holds it, he raises the insect by the wings till the match is clear of the stand.

I consider it outside my province to warn these men from the place—in fact I am not sure that I should be legally entitled to do that—and anyhow I think people ought to have more sense than to make bets with them.

CLEANING YOUR TEETH.

Most men are careless in attending to the cleaning of their teeth, but the slight trouble required is well worth while.

Do it each morning after you shave, and again at night just before you turn in.

Expensive tooth powders are not necessary. An excellent result can be obtained by cleaning the teeth with common whiting, a pennyworth of which will last for weeks.

This does not scratch the enamel, but it removes discolouration effectively.

If there shows up an obstinate tobacco stain, fold a paper to a point, dip that in the whiting and rub.

This is better than the brush for a stain that is hard to remove, though the brush will answer for all ordinary cleaning, and is less trouble.

When you have finished with the whiting, rinse your mouth out, wash the brush, rub it on a bit of carbolic soap, and give your teeth another doing.

The soap removes the last traces of the whiting, and another rinsing will take the taste of it from your mouth.

This method of teeth cleaning is much better than using the ordinary tooth powder sold by the chemist. Some of these powders are pure enough, but many are coloured up with poisonous dyes to make them look well.

Never fall back on the lazy man's friend—powdered pumice-stone. That takes off the stains but injures the teeth.

INCREASING YOUR HEIGHT.

As a recruiting sergeant, it is often my painful duty to tell a young fellow who wants to join the Army that he is not tall enough. I am not supposed to give them any help in slipping through the regulations, and during my hours of duty I would not do it, but there can be no harm in giving the information unofficially to readers of THE MODERN MAN.

If you are only about half-an-inch short of the required height, go to be measured as early as possible in the morning. You are considerably taller when the day is young than you are in the evening.

Another thing to remember is to stand properly when being measured. Take a deep breath, hold it, and raise the chin as much as possible. This will sometimes make all the dfference when passing the examiner, and I have known it to make as much as three-quarters of an inch difference from the height a man is when he stands at his ease.

I don't think I am doing wrong in giving this information, because the Army will not suffer by the introduction of a few who are not strictly up to the standard height. Some of the best fighters I have ever known have been little chaps.

It's the spirit that makes the soldier, and not the inches.

WHAT IS A GUINEA WORTH?

It would give you:

A jolly fine week-end.
As much baccy as you want for months.
A new batch of swagger ties.
A dozen other things that will occur to you.

Send us a bright, dashing paragraph, and carry off that guinea. Every paragraph is most carefully read, and the awarding of the prize is done without fear or favour.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. Albert Pearson, of 186, Midland Road, Bradford, for "For Swimmers Only."

GOING UP TO TOWN.

For those who make short daily journeys by rail to work, I should advise the formation of a kind of club, just enough men to fill a carriage, and all of them kindred spirits who are willing to behave according to the wishes of the majority.

If you are a card-player you can thus enjoy your pastime, but if you are desirous of reading your paper each morning you should chum in with others who are equally fond of silence.

Experience has taught me to avoid travelling in a carriage where there is a lady with a male escort.

A woman by herself is quiet enough, but if she has a man with her she will talk the most irritating and inaccurate drivel from the beginning of the journey to the end.

I suppose it sounds all right to him, but it certainly doesn't to anyone else.

Unless you are a very keen smoker, you should not make the journey in a smoking compartment. The fumes of your own pipe won't harm you much, but it is another matter when you are breathing in a tobacco-laden atmosphere all the time, and a "smoker;" filled up on both sides, soon reeks with unhealthful air.

Far better have your smoke as you walk to the train or from it. Then you breathe the fresh air.

FOR SWIMMERS ONLY.

Most swimmers have at some time or another experienced a dull feeling in the ears, amounting not infrequently to deafness, on coming out of the water.

It is very uncomfortable, and in some instances lasts for a day.

The following answers very well as a preventive: Before entering the water, rub a little cold cream upon the inside of the ears, using the tip of the finger.

A small tin of cold cream can be obtained at any chemist's for a penny, and, as a very small quantity proves quite effective, it lasts a long while.

For long distance swimmers especially, this is very useful, many men preferring not to use ear caps. With the protection of grease, the water runs out of the ears immediately the position of the head is changed.

CAVALRY DANCING.

A man who walks with a swing—what his enemies call a swagger—always makes the best dancer. Cavalrymen walk in this way, partly because they are so much accustomed to being in the saddle, and partly because this style is considered the correct thing amongst them. No man is a better dancer than the British horse soldier.

He is a fine waltzer, but he is also capable of giving a very good exhibition of step dancing; Practice makes perfect here as elsewhere, and the men are very fond of inventing new and elaborate step dances when they have a moment to spare and there is a little music going.

They know the value of dancing as a means of developing the leg muscles, and they also find it excellent for slackening out these same muscles after they have become stiff with too much riding.

Dancing is the finest thing for making a man's carriage graceful, and it is probably due to their fondness for this exercise that the cavalryman surpasses all others in his general bearing.

It is to be regretted that dancing is not more favoured amongst infantrymen. This is not due to any laziness or lack of go on their part, but to the neglect of the War Office authorities, who supply them with boots that make it difficult to walk in comfort, far less to dance with grace or ease.

Some day, let us hope, the powers that be will see the errors of their ways, and will supply the infantryman with smarter footgear. Then he will blossom into a rival with his brother of the cavalry, who at present stands supreme in the ball-room.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Meadows VERSUS Seegarstein

By EDWARD S. REEVES.

When the big white motor first glided into the village, the people came to their cottage doors to look at it, and when they saw it stop at the "Coach and Horses," they asked one another whether it was possible that the motorist could be intending to stay there.

Some suggested that he had merely gone in to get a drink for his engine, and others would have it that he had gone in to get a drink for himself.

Presently the man came out again, mounted his motor and guided it into the hotel yard, where the doors of the coach-house were held open for him by a couple of ostlers. Then the villagers observed the motorist once more come back into the street and go up the hotel steps again.

John Meadows, who gloried in the description of carting contractor and who owned, and usually drove, the solitary dilapidated cab that plied between the railway station and the village, took an opportunity to go into the public bar of the hotel to get a drink, and incidentally to learn whether the motorist was to be residing there.

It was he who brought back the news to the expectant villagers that the motorist was indeed to stop for the period of no less than a week at the "Coach and Horses," and the villagers, for it was an old-fashioned place, smiled to one another and thought what a glorious thing it was to have a big white motor-car in their midst.

This happened in the afternoon. By nightfall the enthusiasm of the villagers had become somewhat qualified.

Mr. Seegarstein, for such was the euphonious name of the motor-car's owner, took out his machine at dusk and raced it down the village street.

The oldest inhabitant, happening to be coming home that evening from market, had an uncommonly narrow escape of being run down; in fact his imagination was strained to breaking point in recalling any occasion when he had received such a fright.

Old Mary Jaggs had been up to a neighbouring farm for some butter, with which to supply the table of the young man who lodged at her cottage. The motor-car whizzed past her with such velocity that she dropped her basket, and the butter fell into the road, which was dirty. The butter, however, was intended for the lodger, so no great harm was done except to old Mary's feelings.

Then Mrs. Pegley's cat was crossing the village street with her four kittens just as the motor rounded the corner. Mrs. Pegley's cat reached the opposite pavement with two kittens, and Mrs. Pegley scraped the other two off the road.

It would not be worth while recounting these little incidents except for the fact that they indicate why the public opinion in the village changed.

Next morning the villagers had fresh food for meditation. It appeared that Mr. Seegarstein's one qualification for driving a motor-car was recklessness. Some people said he steered so badly because he squinted, and found it as impossible to look where he was going as to go where he was looking.

The fact, however, remained that Mr. Seegarstein could not steer with any accuracy.

He let his car get on the footpath just outside the grocer's, and it swept away two boxes of eggs, which stood in front of the shop window, as neatly as might be. Eggs at the time were scarce, and the grocer had imported these from London. Consequently, as most of the eggs were broken, the air of the street for some time afterwards was unwholesome.

Mr. Seegarstein, however, paid handsomely for the damage—paid, in fact, double the price of fresh eggs, which these were not. It was when this news of his generosity reached the ears of John Meadows that he conceived a plan,

which he immediately put into execution.

A week previously John had bought an old animal for twenty-five shillings at a fair in the market town. John said it was a horse, and he hoped that after a course of judicious feeding and faking he might induce some stranger to believe his assertion, but after the incident of the grocer's eggs he hit upon a scheme for the animal's more rapid and profitable disposal.

John harnessed the animal to a trap, led it round to a side road which branched off from the village street, and waited there patiently for an hour. At the end of that time a boy, who had been posted by John at the corner, reported that the white motor was coming along back to the hotel.

Then John got into the trap, goaded the animal forward, and had it broadside on just as the motor flashed up.

John jumped out a second before the collision, so that he received no injury, but the animal, alas, was killed.

John called at the hotel that afternoon and presented Mr. Seegarstein with an account of the animal which would have done credit to a writer of nature stories.

It appeared that this horse was not only descended from Derby winners, but was also more to him than a bosom friend. It had been bred and broken by himself. He had known it since the days when it was a little round foal, with little thin legs at each corner, and its death simply prostrated John with grief.

During his recitals of the animal's virtues, he was obliged more than once to wipe his eyes with his red handkerchief.

It appeared as if no money could compensate John for the grievous loss he had sustained, and Mr. Seegarstein was agreeably surprised when his visitor unhesitatingly accepted an offer of £50 in full and complete satisfaction of all damages.

Mr. Seegarstein took his car out several times that day, and in the evening the local chemist wrote to his wholesale firm in London, asking them to send a supply of bandages, liniment, and crutches, as he felt absolutely certain of having a prompt sale. The local insurance agent wrote to his firm asking for an increase in salary in consideration of his greatly augmented business.

As the car was returning from its usual evening run, Mr. Seegarstein managed to stop it just when it had smashed into the barber's window. It happened that the barber had got in a large stock of hair pomade, and it took the ostlers at the hotel the best part of three hours to rub it, and the broken bits of the glass jars in which it had been stored, off the front of the motor.

That, however, was not the worst. Peter Apsey, whose hair the barber was cutting at the time, lost the tip of his ear, because the barber in his fright took a snip at the wrong place.

Mr. Seegarstein held a reception at his hotel next morning to consider claims for damages, and he gave it to be understood that he would hold a sort of daily court between the hours of nine and ten a.m., and that he could in no wise consider claims presented to him at any other time. Peter Apsey was there with the severed piece of his ear, and he was coming down the steps, grinning, with a £10 note in his hand, just as John Meadows drove past with a farmer's wagon which he had borrowed.

John returned from the market town that night with the wagon loaded up with geese till the axles groaned.

People wondered what John wanted with so many geese, but next morning they tumbled to the fact that he had another scheme in hand, for, just as Mr. Seegarstein set off for his after breakfast spin, John and his stable-boy drove the flock of geese out of the side road into the main street. Of course Mr. Seegarstein killed six of them.

"See me about these birds between nine and ten to-morrow morning," he shouted, and drove on.

John caught the other geese one by one and wrung their necks, and on the following morning at the appointed time he, his stable-boy, and twelve of the village loafers presented themselves at the "Coach and Horses" with a hundred and forty-six slaughtered geese.

John informed Mr. Seegarstein that he had known these geese ever since they were eggs, and that he had been carefully nurturing them for the Michaelmas market. His loss, he said, would be a heavy one, for the geese were to him more like personal friends than geese.

A sovereign apiece was the lowest he could accept for them. Mr. Seegarstein beat him down to 15s., but, as John had only paid 3s. 6d. for them, his investment had been a sound one.

"My man," Mr. Seegarstein said at the end of their interview, "I don't say I suspect you, but take this as a warning: I shall not compensate you for any other animals of yours I may kill, not though you sued me for damages in the House of Lords itself."

John protested that this was grossly unfair, but Mr. Seegarstein's mind was made up. Accordingly John set about devising something fresh in which animals should play no part.

Now John's son was the night policeman for the neighbourhood. He lived with John and slept all day, so next morning John took his uniform, tied it up with string and brown paper, and, with this bulky package beneath his arm, betook himself to the foot of a hill on the road which he had observed Mr. Seegarstein traversed on his morning career.

There behind the hedge John slipped the official blue over his own suit, and replaced his felt hat with the helmet.

Though Mr. Seegarstein exceeded the speed limit and had done considerable damage to the villagers and their property, neither of the two policemen had ever dared to interfere with him. In fact they had simply touched their helmets to him as he flew past. Therefore Mr. Seegarstein was much surprised and annoyed when, as he came down this hill, he observed a policeman step from the hedge and hold up his hand for him to stop.

He rammed on the brakes, but their action upset his steering and he collided with the hedge, and the motor came to an abrupt stop.

Immediately John was on the spot, with a pencil and an imposing note-book in his hand.

"That was well over sixty miles an hour," said John. "I'm sorry, sir, but dooty is dooty, though I daresay it may come rather hard on you the fine the magistrates will put on. Yes," he continued, "a chap got fined £100 last week, and he was only driving at thirty miles an hour. It is unpleasant work trapping motorists—and it's dry work too."

Mr. Seegarstein clutched at the straw, fumbled in his pocket, and produced five golden sovereigns, with which he requested John to assuage his thirst.

"No, no, sir," said John, "I couldn't take it, I'd be willing to oblige you, sir, but I never yet took less than £10 from a motorist."

Mr. Seegarstein handed over five more

sovereigns, and John helped him to pull the motor-car out of the hedge. Then Mr. Seegarstein went on his way, while John went behind the hedge and took off the uniform.

The bump which the car got at this particular collision had rather upset the steering gear, and soon afterwards, all of its own accord, it turned about in the road. Mr. Seegarstein thought it best to humour the machinery, and so he let the car have its way. He had just reached the bottom of the dip where ten minutes before he had been mulcted in £10, when he saw the figure of a man plodding up the hill towards the village with a brown paper parcel under his arm and a policeman's helmet in his hand.

Mr. Seegarstein managed somehow to stop the car as he came alongside, and he peered into the face of the wayfarer.

"It's the animal man," he said, "upon my word! I thought somehow that that policeman's face seemed familiar, and if it had not been for the uniform I should have guessed who it was."

The motor being close beside him, John looked at it to see whether there was any weapon to use if necessary in self-defence, for Mr. Seegarstein's attitude was becoming threatening. His eye lit upon an oil can, and he grasped this by the handle.

Mr. Seegarstein did not like it when he got a squirt across the mouth.

He threw himself upon John with such force that he bore him to the ground, and, while he held him there, he inserted the nozzle of the oil can at the place in John's attire where his collar would have been had he worn one. Mr. Seegarstein did not remove the oil can until it was empty.

Then Mr. Seegarstein buzzed off.

John had often read about a little oil bath, but he had never known till now quite what it meant.

He had managed to retain his ten sovereigns, but he felt that they were the last he would ever extort from Mr. Seegarstein. Instead of calmly resigning himself to this fate, he plotted now to secure revenge, for his clothes had not yet absorbed all the oil and he felt sticky, uncomfortable and uncharitable.

His opportunity came next day, for a consignment of petrol had been ordered, and John had been instructed by the proprietor of the hotel to fetch it from the station. He carted the twelve gallon tins to the hotel and was instructed to place them in the coach-house. Seeing that they belonged to the motor John thought the best place for six of them would be upon the seats thereof; that is why he put them there. But it is not so easy to say why he bored a hole in the bottom of each of the six tins.

When Mr. Seegarstein came out to the coach-house to examine his consignment of petrol, he was astounded to find six of the tins empty, and, the seals being unbroken, he could in no wise account for it. He therefore wrote a very strong letter to the company which had supplied the petrol; so long and strong was it that it was quite dark when he returned to the garage.

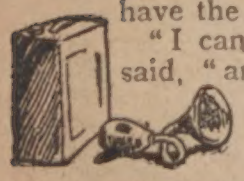
That is why Mr. Seegarstein did not observe that the seat was soaking wet with petrol; his motoring coat was waterproof, otherwise he would have felt the fact, when he sat on it.

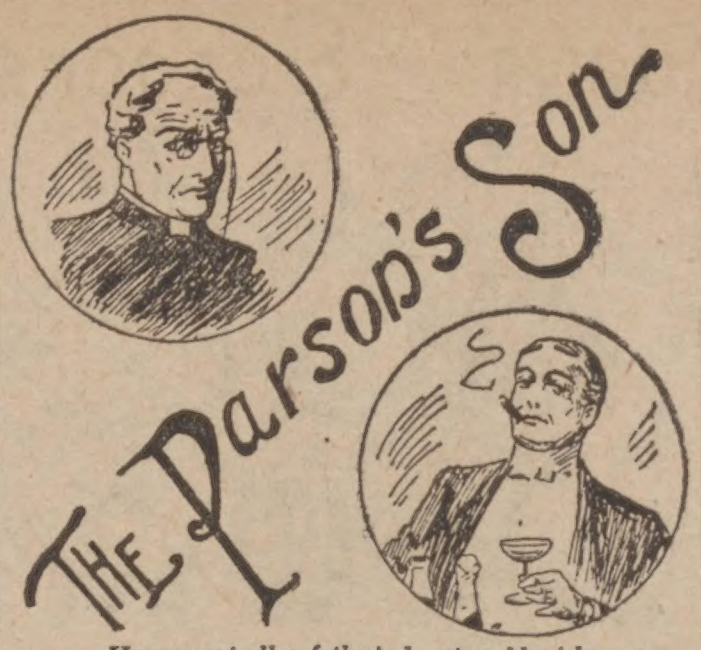
Now Mr. Seegarstein smoked after dinner a specially delicious brand of Turkish cigarettes, and he had not gone far down the village street when the ash of his cigarette blew backwards into the car, where it landed on the rear seat.

Mr. Seegarstein wondered where the illumination was coming from, and by the time he looked round the car was fairly alight and burning merrily.

If the villagers had been interested and enthusiastic on his first arrival, they were doubly so now. They formed a ring round the blazing car, while John Meadows advanced respectfully to Mr. Seegarstein and asked whether he might have the pleasure of driving him to the station.

"I can take you to-morrow or any time," he said, "and it will only cost you £10."





He was not all a father's heart could wish;
But oh, he was my son!—my only son,
My child!—BAILLIE.

Whatever may be the reason, the fact cannot be denied that ministers' sons are as a rule a wilder set than the sons of other men.

As children they are brought up with too much strictness, and as soon as they reach the age to have their own way and realise that they are themselves individuals with feelings and desires, they are naturally inclined to sow a larger crop of wild oats than they would have done had they been allowed to develop in a more natural way.

Some have given as the reason for the son's wildness the father's hypocrisy; it has been said that clergymen's sons see at home so much make-believe virtue that, being young and healthy-minded, they naturally shrink from following in their father's footsteps, and resolve to strike out a line for themselves in the opposite direction.

This view, though often given to explain the phenomenon, will not bear examination; for the home life of the average clergyman is as honest and good as anyone could wish.

I used to notice at college that the wildest members of the fast set were generally sons of the clergy, very often sons of needy country parsons, who could ill afford to pay for their education, not to mention the unnecessary expense their posing as bloods entailed.

I remember once speaking of this discovery to a quiet fellow undergrad, and I discovered that he had noticed the fact also. He suggested an explanation, in which I think there is some truth.

The sons of clergymen are readily admitted into the "best" set, the other members of which are sons of landed proprietors, army officers, and so on; and the parsons' sons soon find that they cannot afford the expensive luxuries enjoyed by their wealthier chums. So they make up by fastness what they lose through their poverty; in short, they are fast simply for the sake of cheap advertisement. The theory is harsh, but I believe it is so far right.

There are many clergymen's sons who do not go to college or into the Army, and who though not tempted by companions, yet become fast. I believe this is often due to the ridicule heaped upon them.

"Oh, *he* won't do it," says someone; "his old man's a parson;" and the parson's son accordingly wants to show that his father's profession makes no difference to him and that he is ready to do anything other young fellows do.

From this he begins to do what others would be slow to do.

There is something also in hereditary disinclination to follow in one's father's moral footsteps. The miser's son is generally a spendthrift; the clever man's son is nearly always a disappointment intellectually. Might it not follow that in the case of the clergyman's son there is a natural tendency to vary the family record a bit by going a little quicker than fifteen minutes in a quarter of an hour?

R. B. HUNTER.

MANNER.

WHAT IS IT EXACTLY?

There is a wide difference between manner and manners. True, a good manner is never found in conjunction with bad manners. On the other hand, a man may have excellent manners, and yet be wholly lacking in manner.

What charm is to a woman, manner—a good manner—is to a man—a most valuable possession.

Largely it is a natural gift.

Haply we may arrive at some concrete idea of manner in considering the chief characteristics of the man with a good manner.

In the first place, he pleases.

Personal appearance counts for something, but probably not for very much. What was it that Wilkes, notorious for his ugliness, said? Something to the effect that, given a quarter of an hour's start, he would cut out any man in a race for a lady's favour. He was ugly, but he had manner.

The man with a good manner is, above all things, unaffected. I don't mean that he is necessarily homely. He may be an aristocrat to his finger tips, a man of the most polished tastes and niceties of speech and demeanour. But he is always himself in whatever circumstances or in whatever society he may find himself.

He is the same whether he be talking to a duchess or an old apple-woman. He is always natural, and it never occurs to him to make any difference in his manner because he never thinks about it.

At the same time, although he is the same to everybody, he must not be confused with the "hail-fellow-well-met-slap-you-on-the-back" sort of person, whose manner and manners are often intensely offensive.

The man with a good manner never "stands on his dignity," but as certainly he never loses it.

I have said that manner is to a great extent a natural gift, and so it is. But if a man set himself resolutely to please, he may very probably acquire or develop a good manner.

At the same time he may not. There are lots of men who are desperately anxious to please, but fail signally to achieve their object.

Everybody knows the oily, would-be ingratiating, always-washing-his-hands-with-invisible-soap type of man, and everybody cordially dislikes him.

He is so obviously insincere. The man with a good manner is always sincere. On the whole, however, in regard to his trying to please, I should say that he does so more or less unconsciously, as a sort of natural instinct.

But not only does he want to please, but—what is equally important, possibly even more so—he is anxious to be pleased.

He is sympathetic; he wants to make the best of you, of everything. Nevertheless, I don't want to make him out a namby-pamby sort of person, afraid to say "boo!" to a goose.

On the contrary, he can use his manner most effectually to squash a bounder or to resent an impertinence.

He is never formal, but it is not wise to attempt to take liberties with him.

The man who has a good manner is modest, but at the same time he has pride. His pride, however, is not the detestable sort that apes humility. He respects himself and therefore expects respect from others.

So now perhaps we may write down the constituents of a good manner: First, a certain personal charm or magnetism; second, a desire to please, and with it a desire to be pleased; then, sympathy and tolerance; next, naturalness, coupled with modesty, which, however, is not of the "I am an 'umble person" kind; and finally that self-respect which with an unaffected demeanour makes a man at home and liked in whatever class of society he may find himself.

Manners, I should say, reflect the age a man lives in: manner reflects the man.

OLIVER STOKES.

SOME DANGERS OF LONDON.

KIDNAPPERS

Few things are easier than kidnapping a person in the very heart of London. A certain City firm recently closed its doors and suspended payment, and its temporary misfortune was undoubtedly due to the action of its leading spirit, who was said to be taking a holiday in the Highlands of Scotland. Few know that his holiday was not voluntary. He was kidnapped.

Two men called at his office and made such a favourable business proposition that he immediately closed with it. The strangers suggested that he should come with them to a hotel near the Mansion House, in order to have a drink to celebrate the bargain.

He agreed, and one of them slipped a powder into his glass while the other distracted his attention. The effects of the drug were immediate, and the victim fell fast asleep. He would have rolled from the stool on which he sat, had not one of the strangers caught him.

UNSUSPECTED.

Nothing was done in a hurry, and there was nothing to excite suspicion. They explained that their friend had been drinking too much and requested a waiter to summon a cab, and in this the kidnappers conveyed their victim to Liverpool-Street Station.

Here they took him into the train for Harwich, and there conveyed him to the waiting steamer. They had already booked berths for three, and no one had the slightest suspicion that the unconscious City man was anything but an ordinary drunk.

When he recovered consciousness he was secured in a room in Antwerp, where he was invited to pay a gigantic ransom as the price of his freedom.

The ingenuity which had made him successful in finance, however, suggested a means of escape, but when he returned to London he discovered that his business, which was being held together only by his genius, had all but collapsed. He avoided publishing the true tale of his adventure, as the public were at the time doubting his veracity and integrity, and would not have swallowed so romantic a story.

Some time ago a German journalist named Neuwert, whose attacks upon the Kaiser and upon those who formed his immediate entourage had aroused the keenest official resentment in Germany, was obliged to flee for safety to London, where he took lodgings in a house in Old Compton-Street, Soho.

GERMAN SCANDALS.

While living there, he contributed to various London papers articles casting extraordinary sidelights on German court life. They were so circumstantial that their truth was obvious, and the German Press was unanimous in demanding that he should be extradited for lèse majesté, but this is not, of course, an extraditable offence.

The young German frequented a French restaurant in the same street, and had arranged with the proprietor to give a little dinner party to some literary friends on a certain Saturday evening.

His guests duly arrived, but there was no sign of their host. They accordingly went to his lodgings, where they discovered that a German gentleman had called there and that the journalist had gone with him to have a drink.

From that day to this he has never been heard of, and his friends surmise that he must have been done to death. Unless this were so, the German courts on recapturing him would assuredly have charged him in preference to Herr Harden, for his articles were far more virulent than those of the latter.

The case of Prince Kropotkin is historic. A cousin of the present Tsar, he was imprisoned for a political offence in St. Petersburg, but finally escaped to London.

Shortly afterwards he wrote a book entitled "In French and Russian Prisons," and his publishers were extremely gratified to discover that the first edition had all been ordered before it was actually issued.

The author, however, was not so highly delighted, for he discovered after troublesome investigations that the wholesale firms, who had ordered the books, were acting on behalf of a Russian whom he shrewdly suspected to be in the Tsar's secret service.

WHO PULLED THE STRINGS?

The plates had been kept in readiness, and a second edition was about to be rushed off, when the composing-room in which they were stored was broken into. The plates were hopelessly smashed up, but no further damage was done.

Almost simultaneously a burglary occurred at the offices of the publishers, and the original manuscript was stolen. Happily one copy of the first edition was eventually discovered and the book was once more published. An attempt was then made to kidnap Prince Kropotkin, but, practised as he was in the wiles of Russian methods, he contrived successfully to defy his tormentors.

A Chinaman named Sun Yat Sen came to London a few years ago because he had made China too hot to hold him.

He was a member of the Radical party in his country, and his doctrines had aroused the most intense animosity of the Dowager Empress, who died the other month. She was not content with banishing him, but actually ordered that he should be kidnapped in London and brought back for execution.

SEIZED IN THE OPEN STREET.

While walking along a West-End thoroughfare one morning, he was seized by two other Chinamen, who explained to a policeman that their friend was an escaped lunatic, and that if they had not caught him he might have done murder.

And the policeman believed them.

He was then taken to the Chinese Embassy, where he was imprisoned while arrangements were being made for transporting him to his native country. Luckily for Sun Yat Sen, he managed to throw a letter out of the window of his prison, addressed to a Cabinet minister with whom he had made acquaintance. The letter was delivered, inquiries were set afoot, and, when it was discovered that the message was no hoax but evidence of an actual and tragic fact, the Government ordered that he should be immediately released.

While the Chinese ambassador was considering whether he might safely defy the demand, detectives watched his house, back and front, day and night, to prevent his unfortunate prisoner from being smuggled away.

CUT TO PIECES.

Eventually the Chinese politician was set at liberty. He booked a passage to America, where he has not since been heard of. Possibly he has been caught by his tormentors, or perhaps he is courting safety by living in obscurity.

Those who have followed the newspapers for some years may recollect the death of Sergius Stepniak, whose body was found cut to pieces on a level crossing on the South Eastern and Chatham railway.

He was a Russian author who had aroused the enmity of the Tsar by his writings, and had been obliged to seek refuge in England. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, but there were marks on the wrists that suggested that he had been bound with ropes, though no ropes were found in the vicinity of the line.

No Russian in London believes that his death was accidental.

STUART FREEMAN.

SPARE TIME JOURNALISM.

SOME TIPS BY AN OLD HAND.

Connected with the popular weekly and magazine press there are three types of journalists—those engaged all day in the editorial office, those who write at home but devote all their time to it, and those who write merely as a hobby, putting in the bulk of their working day at some profession or trade not allied to literature.

This article deals with the prospects of the last class, those shrewd people who use journalism as a walking-stick and not as a crutch, and here I shall endeavour to make their path smooth and straight.

There is not a man who does not know something that would make a readable paragraph, and practically every educated person is capable of making his pen earn from ten shillings to a couple of pounds a week for him in his spare time. Those possessed of some special journalistic talent can raise this amount to £4 or £5 weekly without very much trouble.

So much for the prospects. In making a start, leave severely alone the seductive short story and stick to articles. The average paper uses about ten articles for one story, and receives from casual contributors about five stories for each article, which means about 50 to 1 in favour of articles.

The short story doesn't seem to need much special training or talent, but it does. The amateur's short story is like a three volume novel condensed, and is a terrible thing to read.

Lead off with an article on a subject about which you have some exclusive information; if you are a gamekeeper, let it deal with your trade, giving facts which the outside public cannot readily acquire. A contribution of this sort is spotted at once by an editor, even though its diction may require a little burnishing.

When you have exhausted your special knowledge, it will be time enough to begin hunting for ideas. You will unearth them most easily in your daily newspaper. Something has happened which you feel you would like to know more about. Hunt it up in an encyclopædia and get some books on the subject from the library, and, if there are a good many interesting facts which were hitherto unknown to you, weave them into an article.

Don't take too long about it either. If the matter is of topical interest, the editor wants it red-hot.

Don't neglect local advantages. There may live in your district a celebrity who would be well worth interviewing, but who has so far been untapped because it would not be worth while for a London paper to send a man specially to see him.

There is your opportunity. Write him a polite note asking for the favour of an audience and, if he agrees to his, get his views on some definite subject. The old rambling type of interview, with endless descriptions of the celebrity's house, is long since dead.

Probably you are an enthusiast in one or other of the branches of sport. If you have the footer frenzy, for instance, you will be chatting about the game from time to time with your friends, and will pick up amusing anecdotes about players and out-of-the-way happenings on the field; these are always saleable.

When you have thoroughly exercised your faculty of expression by writing articles, it will be time enough to begin stories. Try one with an editor who has already accepted work from you, and ask his candid criticism.

No matter how hard up you may be, never allow yourself to be tempted to "crib." Editors know what has been printed in other papers, and if they catch a man at this they refuse his work ever after.

Lastly, see that everything you submit is of the style and length used by the paper in question, keep your MS. clean and flat, and don't, except under special circumstances, send a letter with it. Editors want to read the stuff and not what writers have to say as to its merits.

L. J. WARD.

The Office Cadger

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

In minor respects he varies, but in the great essentials he is always the same, and you find him in every office. He is a product of the generous sentiments that exist in others.

When you arrive the first day, and most of the other men are leaving you pretty much to your own devices till they see what sort of a chap you are, the cadger immediately makes overtures of friendship.

He chats pleasantly on general topics, avoiding personal questions unless you volunteer information; for he is a diplomat. Presently in the midst of an interesting conversation he asks whether you happen to have a cigarette, and he lights up with some impatience, as if he resented the interruption of what he was saying.

Shortly afterwards he tactfully leaves you. He has got the cigarette he wanted, and the pleasing knowledge that in you he has found a fresh well which may be tapped indefinitely.

I have mentioned smoking in offices and shall refer to it again. It may be necessary to explain for the enlightenment of any reader whose experience is limited to the customs of one firm, and that perhaps a provincial one, that in many London offices the old strictures against smoking have been withdrawn, and the men are free to smoke all day if they like, while in others it is only forbidden up to lunch time.

THE BEGINNING.

This privilege does not extend by any means to all metropolitan offices, but it exists in a sufficient number to enable the cadger to practise his nefarious schemes, for tobacco, above all things, is dear to him.

Your arrival is probably on a Monday. By Tuesday you will have had two more visits from the cadger. The first day he had matches with which to light the cigarette you gave him; now he will ask you for these also.

Beware of the species in time. Strike a match and hand it to him, but on no account allow your box to leave your hands. If you do, he will chat amiably to distract your attention while he moves behind you and empties the box into his pocket, leaving you perhaps three for appearance sake.

I remember once a virulent cadger borrowing my box of safety matches. Being busy at the time, I did not observe him closely, but when I next looked up I found four matches lying at my elbow, and a piece of the box which he had been kind enough to leave for me to strike them on.

INCREASING DEMANDS.

His applications for cigarettes daily increase in numbers, till you find at last that your case is emptied by noon, and you have either to get it filled again during the lunch hour or endure the torture in the course of the afternoon of wanting a smoke and being unable to have one.

Should you in such an emergency apply to the cadger for a cigarette, you are met with the reply: "My dear boy, I never carry any. I'd smoke too much for my health if I did."

By and by you discover that your cigarette bill is several times as big as it used to be. Moreover you have long thought that a pipe would be better for your health, so you get one.

Will that circumvent the cadger? No, indeed. When he finds that there are no more cigarettes to be had, he will buy himself a halfpenny packet of cigarette papers, and will roll himself beautiful, and invariably fat, cigarettes from the contents of your pouch. As formerly his increase is gradual but sure, and presently he will demand paper as well as tobacco.

Before he has known you long, for his friendship is one that ripens with astonishing speed, he will ask you for the loan of a few shillings.

After the first loan has been successfully engineered, his progress is swift. The next day and the next he will borrow, till you find yourself obliged to carry rather more money than you used to carry, so as not to disappoint him.

He repays you at the end of the week as if he were giving you alms. There is never a word of thanks, for thanks imply an obligation, and the cadger endeavours to lead you to the belief that it is you who are being obliged, and that he is honouring you above your deserts by bestowing such marks of friendship upon you.

But the end is in sight.

One pay-day, when he is owing you ten shillings, he says: "What do I owe you? Eight shillings, isn't it?" You remind him of the loans separately, and point out that their sum is ten shillings. "Oh, well, I don't remember any two-bob on Wednesday," is the reply, "but perhaps you're right. Here's half-a-sov., anyhow."

LOSING HIS HOLD.

Perhaps you're right! The true position of affairs strikes you forcibly for the first time. You are giving many things, and are lending money, taking risks but with no chance of profit. And now the invidious suggestion is made that you are trying to extort more than you lent.

You reply with some heat that you think in future he had better give you an I.O.U. for each loan, so that there shall be no dispute as to the amount. The cadger sees that you are slipping through his fingers, and he plays his last card by saying he would never have thought you were mean or grasping.

This jibe is calculated to bring you to heel, but it does not work in every case. It is a desperate hazard, a last throw which means that you remain the victim of the cadger for ever or throw him over for good. You decide on the latter course, and ask him not to expect any further loans from you.

WHAT THE OTHERS KNEW.

Hitherto the cadger has kept you under his own wing. He has prejudiced you as much as possible against the other men in the office, and has prevented you from getting to know them except through his eyes, by the simple method of monopolising your leisure time.

Now, however, he drops away, you make friends with some of the others, and by and by you tell them of the peculiar propensities of the cadger. Then you find that what you have learnt so painfully is common knowledge, and would have been yours long since had you not allowed him to monopolise your company.

And the cadger? He waits patiently for some new man to join the office staff, when he will go through the same programme. The others have been tapped till they have petered out so far as he is concerned. They refuse his requests, even for tobacco, with all blandness and equanimity, and if he calls them mean they merely laugh.

WM. THOMPSON.

THEN HE DROPPED IT.

It was after the race, and, as the jockey had been successful, he made no objection to accepting the cigar which the trainer offered him. He had no engagement for some time to come, and the weed could do him little harm.

Such were his arguments before he began to smoke it, but presently he regretted that he had not kept within the strictest limits of training, for it was not a very nice cigar.

"How much do you pay for these cigars?" he asked the trainer, more because he wanted to say something at once so as not to bottle up his animosity than because he really needed the information.

"They are very good cigars," replied the trainer. "I pay one-and-twopence for two."

"Yes," sighed the jockey, "that'll be the shilling one you're smoking."

DOUBLE TROUBLES.

Strange, all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!—POPE.

Children sometimes spend hours trying to find two "gardeners' garters"—those long striped grasses that grow in gardens—exactly the same; in some slight respect the marking of each grass differs from that of its neighbour, but if you hunted long enough you would doubtless come across two identical.

It is just the same with human beings; nature has made a difference in feature or expression, but if everyone in this country could be drawn up in line and you could thus examine the whole population, you would unquestionably find one person just the same as yourself.

The writer suffers from doubles and has done so throughout his life. In my youthful days reports would filter to the ears of my parents that I had been seen leaving the local music hall, when I had really been visiting an invalid aunt. I will not deny that later on I found the existence of doubles useful when I was actually seen leaving the music hall, but as a general thing I have found my commonplace personality extremely inconvenient.

I suffer, however, in good company. Lord Rosebery is constantly being informed of things he has never done, because he happens to possess a face which is duplicated again and again. There is a stockbroker so like him that people turn in the street and look at him under the impression that he is the "Retired Raven."

Mr. W. D. Burnyeat, M.P., is not likely to forget how a man, his exact counterpart, gave his name to the police when arrested for drunkenness near Waterloo Station. All the papers next morning made much of the incident, but, fortunately for Mr. Burnyeat's reputation, he was not only able to prove an alibi but also to produce his double, who stood beside him in court. The judge could scarcely tell t'other from which, and Mr. Burnyeat's escutcheon was unsullied.

Mr. G. R. Sims had an unpleasant experience in the days when the Jack the Ripper murders were horrifying the country. Two men, who claimed to have seen the murderer at a coffee-stall near where the latest tragedy had taken place, took Mr. Sims's photo to Scotland Yard, and swore that this was the man who had done the deed.

The actual criminal has never been discovered, so that it is not possible to say how far his features resembled those of Mr. Sims, but the eminent author was put to much inconvenience and annoyance.

Fortunately for Mr. Sims, the Scotland Yard officials know him well, and they saw that a mistake had been made. It was he who fought so well for Adolph Beck, who also suffered through a double.

Sir F. Carruthers Gould, whose cartoons have done so much for the Liberals, is the unfortunate possessor of an exact double. Recently this double was mean enough to go to St. Malo and give his name as that of the famous caricaturist. He boomed himself in the local papers and gave extreme pain to his counterpart, for F. C. G. hates self-advertisement.

An old gentleman who lives near Sandringham is constantly being saluted as the King. Earl Spencer has a more than brotherly likeness to Principal Lang of Aberdeen University.

Mr. E. N. Fenwick, the Bow-Street magistrate, who retired in the early part of this year, is extremely like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Having no desire to sail under false colours and receive adulation intended for his better known counterpart, Mr. Fenwick wore eyeglasses instead of a monocle, thus dealing a deathblow to the completeness of the likeness.

It came out in a recent case that the Marquis of Huntly possesses at least one double. Cabmen swore that they had driven the Marquis at times when he was actually in his club. The whole question of doubles is one that merits the most conscientious consideration from those in judicial authority.

C. M. FIELD.

In Borrowed Plumes

Boldness be my friend!—CYMBELINE.

It is difficult to restrain admiration for the successful bluffer. Take, for instance, the case of the clever rogue who recently made Newtown Stewart, co. Tyrone, the scene of his operations.

His manner was impressive, his clothes were good, and when he represented himself to be the agent of Messrs. MacAlpine and Co., railway contractors, nobody doubted him.

His first victim was the local policeman, whom he informed that his supposed employers had taken a contract for the building of a railway to Omagh. Guided by the policeman, he visited the houses of thirty unemployed labourers and engaged them to begin work next morning at 2s. 6d. a day.

Then he visited the saddler's and ordered four sets of harness at £4 a set. He announced that he felt thirsty and regretted that he had forgotten his pocket book, and the delighted saddler handed him 3s. His next visit was to a cart builder, from whom he ordered four vehicles and received 10s. commission. He next visited various farms and horse owners, ordering several tons of corn and several horses, and receiving considerable sums in commission.

GONE: LEFT NO ADDRESS.

On the following morning he mustered his men and headed them to the railway station, but, when they were nearly there, he recollected an engagement at a blacksmith's forge and told them to march on. That was the last that was seen of him.

A certain railway company which has a terminus in London, is still sore over the exploits of a bogus ticket inspector.

His uniform consisted only of an ordinary tweed suit and an official railway cap, but his air was so grand that he travelled here and there over the company's line without a ticket and saluted by all the employees. Not content with this, he stole some hundreds of pounds worth of luggage, and there is at least one authentic instance where he entered a booking office and, on the pretence of checking the takings, emptied the till.

A MANNER PROFESSIONAL.

What can be done with a striking appearance was well shown in the case of Charles Forbes who was recently sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. He was a clerk, and the possessor of a manner so professional that he successfully posed as a doctor, and, as Dr. Forbes, was engaged as an assistant by a medical man practising in Walworth-Road, and also as an adviser by a firm of wholesale chemists.

Not satisfied with this, he pretended at another time to be Lord Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire. By means of this title he obtained a motor-car. When he was arrested there were found upon him no fewer than two hundred County Court summonses.

There was a distinct air of romance about a swindler whose name is unknown and who successfully imposed upon a naval officer at Portsmouth, a number of offices at Woolwich and several people in Gravesend and Folkestone.

VISITING THE MESS.

He alleged that he was the Marquis de Lanlide, and he posed at different times as a Spanish naval officer and as the owner of a yacht. He presented himself at the Artillery mess at Woolwich and announced that, coming as a stranger to see the Arsenal, he had been robbed of all his money and was unable to return to his battleship at Cowes, and the officers gave him his fare to Portsmouth and 10s. over.

At Portsmouth he did much better. Presenting himself at the Naval Barracks, he alleged that an officer of an imaginary battleship was ill and wished to be taken in at Haslar Hospital. On permission being given, he said he would return to his ship, and was escorted by a young naval lieutenant.

When they reached the quay there was no boat to be seen, and so, before looking about for a local boat, the lieutenant invited him to dine at the Keppel's Head Hotel. During the meal the Spaniard said he had not yet had time to change his money into English coin, and the lieutenant lent him £4.

As they left the hotel the Spaniard went into the dining room, on the pretext of buying some cigars, and was not seen again in Portsmouth.

His next exploit was at Gravesend, where by a clever story he wheedled £4 from a boatman. He then went to an hotel, but the manageress, with more acuteness than had been displayed by the others, thought he spoke English too glibly for a foreigner, and also noticed that his finger nails were dirty, and so she refused to give him rooms. Eventually a warrant was issued for his arrest, but he was never caught and has not again been heard of.

POSING AS AN OFFICER.

A more innocent but equally amusing deception was that played by Private Arthur Morgan, of the Royal Welsh Fusileers. At Wrexham Barracks he had been a servant to Lieut. M. G. Jones, and when he went on furlough he took with him a good portion of that officer's kit.

Stafford was to be the scene of his escapades, and there, dressed in the borrowed regimentals, he amused himself by perambulating the streets and sternly reprimanding all soldiers whose dress was not in strict accordance with the regulations.

One day he took with him Sergeant-Instructor Smith, of the Second V.B. North Staffordshire Regiment, and, when they met a Lance-Corporal of the Manchester Regiment who was not wearing his belt outside his overcoat, the bogus lieutenant ordered Smith to take him to the armoury.

There the impostor held a court-martial upon the erring Lance-Corporal, and condemned him to be sent back immediately to Guernsey, where his regiment was stationed. In response to the prisoner's earnest appeals for mercy, however, Morgan finally tore up the papers relating to the trial, warned him of the terrible penalty if he again transgressed, and allowed him to go.

AN UNDERGRADS' EXPLOIT.

Shortly afterwards the deception was discovered and Morgan was arrested, sent back to his regiment and court-martialled for being guilty of conduct prejudicial to discipline.

An even more amusing fraud was that practised by some Cambridge undergraduates on the Mayor and Council of that town. The civic dignitaries were informed by letter one morning that the Sultan of Zanzibar and his suite proposed paying a visit to the famous university. The date and time of arrival was given, and on the eventful morning there stepped out from first-class carriages half-a-dozen mischievous undergraduates, with darkened complexions and arrayed in costly garments borrowed for the occasion.

The Mayor conducted them through the town with all civic dignity, feasted them and generally gave them a very good time. So well did the impostors act their parts that it was not till some days later that the authorities learned of the little drama in which they had so innocently played the comic rôle. WALTER HAWKINS.

FOOTBALLERS AS WORKERS.

Great in sport and diligent in work.—WITHER.

In days gone by, the directors of a club compelled their players to devote the whole of their time to football. They felt that if they allowed certain of the team to absent themselves from training because of their vocations, the other members would become discontented.

With the restriction of wages to £4 a week however, and with the discovery that players who worked were more steady and reliable than those who did not, the views of officials have changed, and the professional footballer now receives every encouragement to make himself a useful member of society as well as an entertainer.

It is not always easy for him to obtain employment. In factories the other workers look at him askance.

He is regarded as a kind of dog in the manger.

"Here is a fellow," they say, "who earns £4 a week, but he must needs come here and take the bread out of the mouth of someone else who is entirely dependent on labour."

Thus most professionals try to establish a business of their own, so that they may not have the annoyance of continual taunts and jeers from their fellow workers. That it is highly advisable for them to have a second string to their bow, is obvious to anyone who has followed the careers of the older players, many of whom have now fallen on very evil times.

A man cannot expect to draw the maximum wage for ever, and the sensible player now sets himself up in business before he has ceased to be a young man.

The fact that he has an assured wage of £4 a week supplies him with the necessary capital, and his fame as a footballer gives him all the advertisement he could desire. The sceptics may assert that I am making haphazard statements, and that few footballers have either the ability or the inclination to become men of business. Let me confound them with these hard facts.

Aiken, famous in Newcastle United, is also the prosperous owner of an hotel, so also is Robinson, Plymouth's great player. His house, the "Union Jack" is a favourite resort of all interested in the winter pastime.

For a football player to open a hosier's shop is a very good move, for he is sure of an extensive clientele from the very outset. Percy Smith, the famous centre of Preston North End; J. Forbes, to whom Blackburn Rovers owe much of their fame; J. Sharp, of Everton; William Meredith, of Manchester City; John Devey, of Aston Villa; all these are the owners of prosperous outfitting establishments.

J. R. Auld, of Sunderland, has a successful boot and shoe shop in Newcastle; J. Sharp, famous alike with Preston North End and Reading, is a successful tobacconist; McCombie, of Newcastle, has established a flourishing business as a music seller; and Houlker, of Blackburn Rovers, has recently established a shop in the town from which his club takes its name.

Common, whose transfer cost Middlesbrough £1,000, is a fish merchant as well as a footballer. Hewitson, of Tottenham Hotspur, is interested in the motor cycle business. Crompton, captain of the Blackburn Rovers, is head of a large engineering business in Blackburn, and draws substantial royalties from an invention which he recently patented.

These are but a selection of the many instances that could be cited, but they go to show that the professional footballer is far from being the lazy or brainless person that his enemies are wont to call him.

These men have established themselves in prosperity, and their forethought has assured them a happier future than that of the professional of days gone by, who when he became too old to play had to seek employment at a school or college as an athletic trainer.

They have made football a road to success and they deserve their success. F. WATSON.

MARTIN LOBB'S ULTIMATUM.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By B. W. NAPIER.

Martin Lobb—known to his friends and the police before his conviction as Mart the Mauler—was a very unromantic convict.

The kindest hearted person would have been most unlikely to waste sympathy on him for long, and, to tell the truth, sympathy was a thing he did not want.

He was serving a term of penal for highway robbery with violence, and when he arrived at the prison the officials assured one another that their charge was likely to be a troublesome one.

Had they left him to himself, it is probable that he would eventually have become as bad as he did become, but the governor, Captain Apsley, was a man with ideas.

"Here," he remarked to the chief warder, "we have a man of violent temper. We must stamp it out of him at once."

Accordingly Lobb was hied before the governor for some slight breach of rules, and was sentenced to a month's solitary confinement and bread and water.

From that day onwards the convict entertained the keenest animosity towards the governor. Again and again he was brought before the ruler of the prison for disobedience and insubordination, and every time he had meted out to him the fullest penalties the law allowed.

Then the offences with which he was charged increased in magnitude. He assaulted warders whenever an opportunity occurred, and gloried in the fact. Solitary confinement and the most meagre diet failed to tame him.

He had just returned to his cell after a spell of such punishment, and he was still harbouring the bitterest thoughts against the man who had sentenced him, when the door was unlocked by the warder and the governor himself entered.

The eyes of the two men met for a moment, those of the one expressing contempt, those of the other the deepest hatred. It was only for a moment.

Then with a rush the convict dashed at the governor's throat. He tried his best to strangle him, but, as he heard the warder whistle for help, he realised that there was no time just then for murder. So he took his hands from his enemy's throat, made them fists, and sent them crashing into his face.

The warders had him firmly secured before the life of the governor was in danger, and Lobb was brought up before the visiting magistrates at the first opportunity. The governor himself was the chief witness against him, and the assault was painted in its blackest colours. The sentence of the magistrates was forty lashes with the cat.

Two days passed, during which the Home Secretary confirmed the sentence, and then Lobb was removed from his cell to the room where his punishment was to take place. The doctor's examination was cursory, for he knew Lobb was a sturdy ruffian.

The convict was stripped to the waist, and his hands and feet secured in rings clamped to the triangle. A cloth was thrown over his head and the warder who held the cat prepared to lay it on.

Three swishes broke the silence, and the nine-tailed lash fell over the back and the left side of the man on the triangle.

He writhed in agony, yelled and prayed for mercy, and called down curses upon the heads of the prison officials and upon the governor in particular, but the vigour of the man with the cat abated not a whit.

At the end of the twentieth stroke the warder changed his position so that the blows fell this time over his right side. By this time Lobb had ceased his shouts and groans and an involuntary shiver each time the lash descended was his only response.

He had bitten his under-lip through in his agony, but he had obtained some comfort in a thought that had come to him—the thought of a revenge terrible and diabolic.

The governor stood to one side, out of the reach of the sparks of blood that occasionally flew across the room. He counted the number of lashes one by one very distinctly.

He was brutal at such times, but he was not wholly a brute. He had but one child, a little boy whom he loved above all things, and could you have seen him sitting on the hearthrug helping this child to build houses of wooden blocks, you would scarcely have believed him capable of watching the sufferings of a fellow creature with such satisfaction as he now showed.

At length the forty lashes had been administered, and the lacerated back of the convict was bathed with an antiseptic fluid, which, however beneficial it might be from a medical point of view, felt to the victim just about as comforting as boiling water. Then he was led back to his cell.

His back was so painful that he could not lie down, and he passed the night sleepless. And so it was the next night and the night after that.

It was the fourth day till he was allowed to join the quarrying gang, and the other convicts muttered to each other that mischief was brewing in his mind.

The warder in charge of the gang fully expected to be attacked, and was prepared for it, but to his surprise Lobb proved that day quieter than he had ever been before. It was not till evening that the forebodings of his fellows were justified.

The gang had entered the prison yard and were about to file within the grim portals of the building itself, when Lobb dashed out of the line. Escape was impossible, for the outer gate had already been closed and locked.

The governor's little son was toddling across to his father's house. He had been visiting the warder at the gate, who was a particular friend, and he now clasped in one chubby hand the stick of barley sugar with which he had been presented.

Lobb sprang towards the child, caught him up with one hand, and scrambled up a ladder which had been placed against the wall owing to the repairs which were being carried out on the roof.

In a moment the convict had seated himself at the top of the ladder holding the child on his knees. The warder who had been in charge of him was now half way up.

"Back!" shouted the convict. "Back! or I'll pitch the kid down into the courtyard."

The warder paused for a moment and then descended to the ground. He would not take the responsibility of incurring such a risk.

The governor himself now came running from his house, for he had heard what was going on. Someone suggested that the convict should be shot, but that would have meant that the child would have dropped from the roof to certain death. Under the circumstances physical force was out of the question.

"Come down!" cried the governor, his face white with fear. "Come down and I'll see to it that you get a couple of years knocked off your sentence."

"No, I don't!" cried Lobb. "I'll never come down except on my own terms."

"And what are they?" asked the governor. "I'll grant you anything in reason. A hundred pounds! A thousand pounds!"

"Money won't suit me," replied the convict. "What you've got to do is to take a bashing the same as I got. Bring out the triangle and the cat, my hearties, and let him have it."

Indignation and horror struggled for supremacy on the face of the governor.

"Anything but that!" he cried. "Anything but that!"

The convict took the child by the hands and swung him over the gutter. The little boy was now screaming with fright, and his cries were in themselves the most acute torture that could have been inflicted on the man beneath.

"If you don't take your forty strokes at once," shouted the convict, "I'll drop him down."

A hasty consultation had been held amongst the officials, and Lobb observed a number of them crossing the courtyard towards the door of the prison. Apparently their intention was to get on to the roof from the other side.

"Call them men back," he shouted to the governor, "or I let go."

The men were hastily recalled.

"Are you taking your bashing or are you not?" asked Lobb, grinning demoniacally down at the governor. "I give you till I count twenty to make your decision."

The seconds that passed were like a lifetime to Captain Apsley. Then the convict shouted "Twenty!" released one hand of the child and held it dangling in the air by the other.

"Bring out the triangle," said the governor.

The doctor tried to dissuade him from his purpose, urging that his strength was not sufficient for undergoing such a terrible punishment, but the life of his child was at stake, and the governor cared little whether it killed him or not. The triangle was brought, he was stripped and fixed to it and one of the warders held the cat ready in his hand.

"Now lay it on hard," cried Lobb. "Lay it on or I'll drop this youngster. If I see that you are letting the strokes go light, I'll tip him over as sure as I'm a scoundrel."

"Yes," said the governor, with the purpose of pleasing the man who now held his chiefest treasure in his hands, "yes, lay it on hard."

The strokes fell one after the other exactly as they had done on the back of the convict, but in this case there were no imprecations and no shouts for mercy. When the forty strokes had been delivered, the warders were preparing to remove their chief from the triangle, but the convict's lust of blood was unappeased.

"Another ten, just for luck," he shouted.

The chief warder looked inquiringly at the governor, who simply nodded his head and ten further strokes fell upon him. Then he was taken from the triangle. Though ready to faint with the pain, he was nerved for the moment by anxiety for the child's safety.

"Now," he said, "I have done as you wanted me to do. Bring him down. I promise on my honour that you shall not in any way be punished for what you have done to-night."

A mirthless and mocking laugh was the only reply. For a moment the convict stood on the edge of the gutter with the child in his arms, then he flung himself into the courtyard below. There was a sickening crash as the convict's body struck the paving stones, and the governor covered his face with his hands.

All appeared to be incapable of moving, except the old gate warder. Crossing to where the convict's body lay, he lifted the child.

"The little chap isn't dead," he said, "though Lobb is. They must have turned in falling. Lobb fell underneath, and the boy's only stunned."

"It is so," said the doctor, "the child is practically uninjured."

SHOWING off a HORSE

A DEALER DISCLOSES SOME SECRETS.

Nothing is finer than to have a thoroughly good horse, one that shows itself off, as you might say, and doesn't need you to do it for him, but in my line of business we have all sorts through our hands, and we would never get them off our hands if we did not know how to make them look their best.

A few of the tricks we work should be useful to others besides dealers, for every man who has a horse wants it to seem a good 'un, even if it isn't.

The first thing you want to know is how to make a horse spread himself when standing. Next time you go to a horse sale watch the way the horses are stood on their feet by the grooms who hold them. They have their fore feet well to the front, and their hind feet far back. The effect of this is to give the horse's back a nice curve and so produce a look of courage and lifieness.

THE ART OF SPREADING.

A horse doesn't stand this way naturally, not often at least, and you have to teach him. You can do it easiest from his back.

When you pull him up and bring him to a standstill, just tap him with a stick or your riding whip under the arm, first the near and then the off side. This makes him spread his fore feet to the front, and if he brings them back again just tap him again till he stands still and keeps them that way.

To make him spread his hind feet, pull his head in a little and touch his quarters with your whip. Go through this several times till the horse spreads himself at the first tap. Some horses are quick at learning and they will spread as soon as they are pulled up, but most need a reminder. A slight push with your toe and a touch with your whip will be enough.

With a driving horse you have not your toe to help you, and must rely on your whip, but if you have broken him into it first with the saddle, a flick of the whip will be enough to make him spread when you are behind him.

A gag bearing rein is a splendid thing for showing off a horse's action, as every fashionable coachman knows. Sometimes private drivers clap a pair on their horse, hoping to make it carry itself as well as a carriage horse, but usually they are disappointed. The reason is they don't make the bearing rein tight enough.

FIXING A BEARING REIN.

If you notice a horse with a gag bearing rein on when he is standing still, you will see that the tightness of it is making him uneasy, and it is because of this that some old women rant against what they call the cruelty of the bearing rein, but a bearing rein must be over tight when the horse is standing if it is going to support his head at all when he trots.

This is because, as soon as he begins to go, a horse draws in his neck. If you buckle up a bearing rein on a standing horse till it just brings the bit to the corners of his mouth and nothing more, you will find that it flaps about loose as soon as he begins to trot.

The way to make a bearing rein effective is to put it on at a guess and then observe whether it is tight enough when the horse is moving; if not you should get down and alter it till it is right.

In the matter of bearing reins the amateur horseman might take another tip from the fashionable coachman. You never see a swell carriage horse with the bearing rein buckled to the driving bit, though you often see this in humbler turnouts. It is a mistake.

If the driving bit is already pulled up hard with a bearing rein, the horse does not easily feel the extra pressure when you pull on the reins to guide him, and you think he is difficult to drive. This trouble will not exist if you use, as the professional coachman does, what is called a gag bit, which is pulled up by the bearing rein, leaving the driving bit free beneath it to be acted on by the driving reins.

In being able to get a good style by means of the bearing reins the ordinary driver has a pull over us dealers. If we put one on a horse we were trying to sell, our customers would see what accounted for the horse's action and carriage, and would not think him better because of it, but we have another plan.

If you look at a dealer driving a horse, you will see that the reins are not fixed far down the check-piece. If they were, the customers would say, "He's driving him on the curb," and would not think very much of his style, because they could see what was producing it.

But it isn't necessary to have the reins fixed to the very bottom of the cheek-pieces in order to secure curb action. It will be enough if they are fixed about an inch below the mouthpiece, provided you use a bit with a high port, to prevent the horse from saving the bars of his mouth by getting his tongue beneath the bit, for as soon as he tries to press it up, his tongue slides up into the port where it can lift nothing.

CURB ACTION WITH SMALL LEVERAGE.

In addition to a mouthpiece of this kind, we have the curb chain hooked up as tight as it will go, and in the case of a hard-mouthed brute we twist the chain round and round, so that he gets the benefit of the edges of the links against his jaw instead of the flat of them.

With a horse so bitted you do not need much leverage from the cheekpieces to make him bend his neck. If the reins are fixed about an inch beneath the mouthpiece it will, as I have said, be sufficient.

A lot depends on how a horse is furnished. If the harness is smart and the buckles well polished, and if the trap behind him looks smart too, the general impression will be good.

In showing off a saddle horse you can very often improve his appearance by the addition of a breastplate and martingale, especially if his shoulders are not good-looking. A horse with too long a back may have a crupper fitted to the rear of the saddle. These and the girths—in fact all the fitments—must be clean and should look new.

I showed in the case of the bearing reins why the dealer must conceal his art. The same thing applies to his spurs when he is riding a horse. Some of the screws we get at our place would want a pair of Texas cowboy spurs to put any go into them, but we daren't use them.

YEOMANRY TROUBLES.

The possible buyer would say to himself that the horse was a rotter if he needed things like these to move him.

No, we mustn't wear spurs any bigger than the ordinary, but the ordinary are good enough if you know how to use them. The spurs sold at the average saddler's have only about an eighth of an inch of the teeth projecting beyond the nickel protecting sidepieces, but an eighth of an inch is sufficient, applied in the right way.

I am in the Yeomanry of my county, and I have sometimes been amused at the troubles of some of the troopers who have got worse mounts than usual, and usual is bad enough.

I have seen a youngster lift his heels till his legs were nearly on a level with his seat, and then rap them down into the flanks of the cab-horse which was his charger. The noble animal would respond to this invitation to hurry up by trotting a yard or two and then dropping back to its usual walk.

If a dealer spurred a horse like that, he would be called a brute, and the watching buyer would say "No thankee!" to a horse that seemed to need such treatment. As a matter of fact it scarcely hurts a horse at all to be spurred like that; you are doing little more than kicking him.

In the Yeomanry, too, I have seen some men, not so green as those I have spoken of, sticking in their spurs and running them up the flanks of the horse as high as they could reach. But that does little harm either.

With eighth-of-an-inch rowels you don't stand much chance of reaching the brute's hide as you run your heel upwards, for his hair is about as thick as the teeth of your spurs are long.

ADMINISTERING PUNISHMENT.

The one way to punish a horse with short-toothed spurs is to press them against him till the teeth are under his hair and right against his hide. Then send your heels straight backwards, and not up at all.

Working in this way, you scratch him with the same tooth all the time, and it does not get off his hide, for it pushes the hair aside in front of it. When you draw your spurs up, a different tooth comes into action each second, and the hair is between it and the horse's skin.

You can spur a horse this way without seeming to be spurring him at all. There is no wild kicking at him and no apparent effort on your part. That is why the dealer uses this method. I commend it to my fellow troopers and all other Yeomen who may find themselves mounted on lazy screws.

To smarten up a dull horse in the shafts is a harder job. Sometimes dealers use certain drugs, but I think a good horseman ought to be able to do it without the help of the chemist. I never used drugs, and I don't mean to.

The cabbies are fond of having gutta-percha ends to their whips, and a lash of that kind is certainly good, but we go a step further.

DEALERS' WHIP ENDS.

When we have a regular lazy brute between the shafts, we fix a piece of electric lighting wire to the tip of the whip.

You get it by the yard from any plumber. It is covered with green silk when you buy it, but you have to strip that off. Underneath is a number of small copper wires covered with india-rubber. To look at it, you couldn't tell it from the usual gutta-percha whip end, but it is twice as punishing.

A whip fixed up in this way and brought straight down a horse's flanks a time or two, will waken up the laziest. In showing off a horse it pays to touch him up round the hocks and fetlocks as well, for that makes him lift his feet.

A lot of old women will be down on me for doing the things I have been telling about. All I can say is, let them drive or ride some of the screws I have to tackle to earn my daily bread.

While smartening up the horse is the main thing, the man riding or driving it must not forget his own looks.

THE MAN'S GET-UP.

He is part of the turnout, as you might say, and the buyer thinks he himself will look like that on that horse, so we have to be careful in the matter of clothes.

I know one old dealer who dresses himself in great checks and makes the whole turnout look rakish and ungentlemanlike. He is not very successful in business and I am firmly convinced it's his togs that do it.

Your breeches and gaiters must be of good cut and look fairly new, because you want your customers to think you are doing well. Your jacket and vest should be something quiet, and your spurs must be well polished.

Let your get-up be quiet and neat, for it's the horse you want the people to look at. At the same time they will look at you as well, and they will get a bad impression if you are not trim and smart.

J. PARKES.

THE ACTOR'S TRIALS.

WHEN AUDIENCES ARE TROUBLESOME.

There is a certain music-hall artiste, a part of whose performance consists in dealing with paralytic patients. Most of the audience consider that he really does these people good, and so they applaud him vigorously, and his show is enormously popular, but the very nature of it inevitably arouses a certain amount of adverse criticism, and he knews that whenever he appears there will be some who will shout that he is a fraud; and so he endeavours to protect himself against them.

In the likeliest parts of the theatre he stations a number of commissionaires, and at the first sign of disturbance these men post themselves close beside the interruptor, and their presence generally has the desired effect of inducing him to suppress his criticism. This is a much better plan than having people chucked out, for chucking out in itself creates a disturbance.

During the run of a musical comedy in a Glasgow theatre, the actors received constant annoyance from the supporters of a certain football club. One of the local gags consisted of an allusion to the merits of two popular clubs, asserting that one was superior to the other. The backers of the club thus maligned created a violent disturbance on the first night of the show, and they were summarily ejected.

The sensible thing for the management to have done would have been to excise this gag altogether, but in a spirit of contrariness they determined to continue it.

The outraged footballers revenged themselves in a subtle manner. Every night for the remainder of the run of the piece they stationed themselves in various parts of the auditorium, and, whenever the audience began to laugh at any joke, these young men protested with an admonitory "Hush! Hush!" or "Order!" given in the gravest manner possible.

In this way they succeeded in damping the ardour of the audience to a very considerable extent and in depriving the players of much of the applause that would otherwise have been theirs. Moreover their behaviour could not be branded as disorderly and they could not be removed.

It was rather a smart wheeze.

Very often a malicious wag will set himself to annoy one particular actor, not because he disapproves of his performance, but simply for what he considers the fun of the thing. Thus he will shriek with laughter at a joke and will continue laughing after silence has re-asserted itself everywhere else, and so will draw the attention from the performer to himself, thus robbing the artiste of the attention which he ought to have.

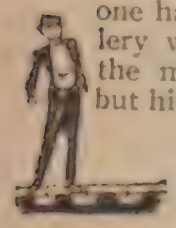
It is said that Mr. George Grossmith while playing at the Savoy was once subjected to this form of annoyance, and was so much embarrassed by it that for the time he wholly forgot his lines, although he had played in that piece for over six months.

It is a favourite trick to cut a lemon in half and to hold up the pieces when a piccolo player is on the stage. Should the performer's eye catch the luscious and acid fruit, his mouth inevitably waters and his playing for the time is spoilt. A variant of this game is to place a lemon on the music stand of the flute player in the orchestra.

Remarks shouted at performers are generally accepted in good spirit and successfully parried. The composure of the artiste does not always vanish even when more solid things than remarks are thrown. I have seen a comedian pick up a cabbage, bow gracefully, and pretend to smell it as if in enjoyment; but it is not always so.

I remember hearing Mr. Harry Lauder once read an audience quite a long lecture on how a performer ought to be treated, because someone had thrown something at him from the gallery while he was singing. He admitted that the missile had fallen amongst the orchestra, but his anger was none the less on that account.

RICHARD PERRY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CHEEK— During the last snowstorm I went one evening for a drive with a friend. Circumstances — which to me mean the printers and my contributors—had been kind, and I was able to leave the office earlier than usual. As a means of preparing one's self for the next day's work, I know of nothing better than a spin through the country, with something fast in the shafts before you. To be in the saddle is better, but after eight hours of the most strenuous hustling in London I don't always feel fit for that.

Well, it was a cold night, and driving is a cold job, so we stopped at a famous riverside inn to raise our temperatures with a glass of the landlord's noted old ale. My friend and I were chatting beside the bar when a disreputable person slapped him on the back and grunted.

The person I had met before. He is a sort of ostler and general hanger-on at the hotel in question, and he is deaf and dumb. His greeting to my friend was, I suppose, intended to bring the reply "What will you have?" Anyhow it did bring that reply, and he duly had his glass, but afterwards my friend said, "Blast his infernal cheek! Fancy slapping me on the back—though he is deaf and dumb!"

—AND DEFORMITY. That ostler was getting, I suppose, somewhere about fifteen shillings a week, and my friend is pretty well off, drawing about two thousand a year from an invention of his father's. It was, when you come to think of it, cheeky for the ostler to slap him on the back, but I have observed that familiarity of this sort is not uncommon in the case of those who are either afflicted or deformed.

Why is it that people with these physical drawbacks should overstep the bounds of politeness?

I remember when I was at school the case of a boy whom I shall call Giles. He was a very decent chap, but one day he fell when skating and knocked one knee on the heel of the other skate. After that he was in hospital for a while, and when he returned to us he had a stiff leg. It remained so ever after.

From that time he became objectionable. In the old days we should have trounced him if he had run counter to our views as to behaviour, but now you would have branded yourself a coward if you had touched Giles—because he had a stiff knee.

He was the most objectionable boy I have ever met. He cheeked everybody and became generally "sassy." Moreover he developed into a toady; he made up to the masters and told them things about us they had no business to know.

So far as my experience goes, I have found that people who are suffering from some physical drawback are always like this. Can any of my readers confirm my finding or prove it wrong?

A HAUNTED MAN. A Grimsby correspondent sends me an account of a very astonishing case.

"I have a friend," he says, "who is haunted by the ghost of a woman. When he goes upstairs you can hear the rustle of her dress as she walks beside him, though you see nothing. He knows that she follows him everywhere, and he confessed it to me for the first time when I asked him to come for a brief holiday on a visit to my wife and myself. He told me how matters stood, and warned me that, if I insisted on his accepting my invitation, unpleasant things might occur in the house.

"Of course I pooh-poohed the idea, for at that time I had very little knowledge of such things, and so eventually he came to us.

"On the first morning after his arrival our servant came to my wife, telling her that a burglary must have been committed during the night, for the dining-room was in a state of great disorder. The ornaments had been swept from the mantelpiece to the fender and the fragile ones were broken; the sideboard drawer had been emptied upon the floor, knives, napkins and tablecloths being scattered over the carpet; the table itself had been twisted round, and the chairs were lying legs upwards, with the cushions from the sofa pitched on top of them.

"The room was eventually put to rights and I made a careful examination, but found that nothing was missing and that the doors and windows were still securely fastened.

"On mentioning the matter to my friend he showed not the least surprise. 'I must leave you to-day,' he said. 'I should not have come if I had known it would be as bad as this. Every morning I find the things in my bedroom have been disarranged, and frequently that other rooms have also been tampered with, but I have never known such discomfort as this to follow my presence in a house.'

"For my peace of mind I should be extremely glad if you can explain away this apparent phenomenon. I am loath to believe in ghosts, but I am almost driven to do so."

Looking at the case merely from the facts stated by my reader, I venture the suggestion that his friend is a sleep walker.

As is well known, the somnambulist is perfectly unconscious of his wanderings, and may be as genuinely surprised as anyone at the disorder he himself has created. As for the rustling of the dress, I should imagine this to be merely the creaking of your friend's boots or of the stairs, glorified a little by imagination.

Possibly others amongst my readers have had experience of the supposed supernatural.

PREJUDICE IN SPORT. We are as conservative in the matter of our sports as we are in business. Attempts have been made to popularise baseball, lacrosse, and pelota in England, but they have not been successful, those who play the games here being almost exclusively natives of the country from which it was imported.

I should not like to think of our dropping our national games in favour of any others, but changes are lightsome, and I have often wondered why it is that the all-round athlete does not welcome these fresh opportunities of developing his skill.

England has long stood out against the introduction of even Scotch sports, and the loss is England's.

Take as an example putting the weight. Here you have an iron shot weighing 16 lbs., and the game is to see who will throw it from the shoulder farthest.

Then there is throwing the hammer. Here you arm yourself with a hammer weighing 16 lbs., swing it round your head three or four times, and pitch it into space.

Tossing the caber is another amusement of the playful Scots, which the Englishman wots not of. The caber is a tree trunk about the size of a man, and this the athlete holds in his hands, balancing it upright against his chest. Then with a mighty spring he pitches it forward. Sometimes a caber-tossing competition is a very tame affair, for not infrequently it happens that only one competitor is even able to lift the caber; then that one competitor wins without having to toss it at all.

So far only men of extremely powerful physique have excelled in these particular sports, and the nature of them gives more scope to strength than skill. Nevertheless you will see in Scotch villages men and boys of all ages practising these three feats.

If the small man cannot hope to break records in them, he will at least find ample entertainment and great physical benefit. If one of the big English universities would but take the matter up, throwing these heavy weights would soon become equally popular on both sides of the Border.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

I Go Fishing

By HARRY INGRAM.

Most of the men I know fish, and when I happen to be in their company they pass the time telling stories of great catches, and, if it were not that they always let me pay for the drinks, I should feel that I was not one of the party.

Intellect soars above the mere animal instinct of killing things, and so on and so forth, but still you like to be able to chip in with your own little experience when everybody else is pulling everybody else's leg, and so when Stickle suggested that I should go with him for a day's fishing I agreed.

I looked up a handbook on the subject and discovered that I ought to be able to scramble along with a line, some hooks and a lead sinker.

I bought the line and the hooks, but the sinker I beat together from some gas-piping the plumbers forgot to take away. Seeing that I had not to pay for it I believe, on looking the matter over now, I made the sinker a little large; it was about the size of a quart bottle.

Julia and I went out into the garden after dark to catch worms. I held the bicycle lamp, and, of course, it was impossible for me to pick them up at the same time. I pointed this out to Julia, and also mentioned the fact that unless I had worms I could not supply her with fish for Sunday's dinner, so at last she was persuaded to dab at them with her fingers, but the worms always managed to wriggle back into their holes before she pulled them out.

It was not the loss of the worms that annoyed me most, but the nasty remarks the neighbours made.

"Poor dear Mrs. Gobblegrey," said one, "just fancy that brute ill-treating her like this!"

"Little wretch," said another, "if he was my husband I should take him by the back of the neck and push his nose through the wire netting for the chickens to peck at."

So Julia stopped catching the worms with her fingers and got her curling tongs. We got on not so badly after that, and on the great morning I opened the tin to see how my worms were doing.

Julia had been afraid they might not keep, and so she had put salt on them. Some had turned white, some were a light yellow, and some a light green, but all smelt very strongly. It was too late to get others now, and so, when Stickle called round, I put my worm tin in Julia's market basket (for what was the use of buying a creel?) and we set off.

Stickle said he was going to fly-fish and asked what I was going to use for bait. On my telling him, he assured me that worms were no earthly good for sea fishing, especially those that had been salted. I was sorry to hear this, but rather glad to get rid of the worms, because the tin was banked up beside my packet of sandwiches and it might have upset.

We were crossing the railway bridge when Stickle told me to throw them away, so I took off the lid of the tin and emptied them over the bridge.

The station-master had no business to be passing underneath just then, nor should he have been gazing up open-mouthed in any case. He was very rude about it, and, when we came down to the station to take our tickets, he said such nasty things that I was obliged to tear two little strips from my morning paper, roll them up into plugs and put them in my ears.

We had some time to wait till the train came but the station-master did not annoy me any more. I could see his gestures, and noted his lips moving, but there his recriminations ended.

When we got down to the seaside village Stickle told me I must get some bait, and a row of little boys who were sitting on a window-sill must have heard the word, for they dashed down the street in front of us yelling "Bait, bait!" at the top of their voices.

When we arrived at the beach, half the inhabitants of the village were waiting with bait of all kinds. Some had mussels, some little crabs. Those who had not had time to prepare anything else had tins filled with bits of orange peel, onion skin and other domestic products; one had a dead mouse. I bought some mussels.

A fine old sea-dog with a sour expression and a clay pipe turned upside down, was sitting on the edge of a boat drawn up on the beach. Of course we wanted a boat, so we engaged him.

It was one of those peek-a-boo boats, and as soon as it had ceased to rest upon the land I noticed that the water was coming in at little cracks between the boards.

When we pointed this out we found that the owner of the barque could apparently bite also, for he said some nasty things about landlubbers, and mentioned incidentally that when the boat had filled up a bit the water would cease to come in. He had never known the boat to sink in less than ten minutes, he said.

When we had got a little way from the shore, I looked across the sullen dark grey waters to see if there was anything rising. The only thing that was rising was the water in our boat, and it was getting on so nicely that Stickle and I both had to do a bit of baling. If I happened to spill some of the bilge over the boatman, it was pure accident.

I was just beginning to think that this was more like a physical culture exercise than fishing, when all of a sudden the water ceased to come in. I found that we had got on the top of a mud bank, so for a time we were safe.

I had practised whirling a string with a stone fastened to the end of it round and round my head, and when I got out my line, baited the hooks and attached the sinker, I spun it round and round with something approaching to style.

But possibly the sinker was heavier than the stone I had practised with, possibly the motion of the boat upset me, anyhow it was not intentionally that I hit Stickle on the mouth with the sinker.

It is astonishing how unpleasant a fairly well-mannered person can become. I have read that it is a test of true friendship if you can spend a happy day alone with somebody else. The nasty way Stickle went on for a long time afterwards makes me think that this dual solitude is a very severe test.

Stickle at last managed to get one of his teeth disengaged from the loose piece of skin it had been hanging to, and dropped it over the side, and the boat bobbed up out of the mud like a balloon does when you throw ballast overboard.

We fished for hours and hours and hours, and at last Stickle caught a big one. He hauled it in with a great deal of ceremony and delight, and threw it into the bottom of the boat over at my side, doubtless with the intention of making me envious, but I have a soul above such trifles. I knew very well that I should have caught something too if I had been able to get my hooks further away from the boat.

You see, it was difficult for me with a line to hit anywhere but on the mud we were grounded on. So, to beat Stickle at his own game, I whirled my sinker round and round and threw it with all my might.

To my surprise I did not see the sinker glittering far away to leeward, and I began to suspect that something had retarded its progress. Just then a cry came from the other end of the boat.

I stepped aside so as to be able to see round the boatman, and found that one of my hooks had unluckily penetrated Stickle's ear.

I opened Julia's market basket and took out a little book which I had bought the day before. It was called "Things an Angler ought to know," but it did not give me any useful information as to how I ought to deal with the present crisis.

I was wondering what should be done when I fortunately remembered an article I had read in a popular paper by a mental expert. When a person shows signs of homicidal mania, this article said, you ought to keep clear of him. When he calms down it will be time enough to go to his assistance.

I gave the old sea-dog a cigarette to stay where he was and not let Stickle pass, and I withdrew to the extremity of the boat in case the barrier should prove insufficient. I had brought my angling book with me, and I sat down to read up some useful hints, because it was impossible for me to fish so long as Stickle had my tackle.

Meantime the sea-dog chewed my cigarette contentedly and kept an eye on Stickle.

By and by I began to get impatient. It is all right reading about a sport, but when you have a chance of actively participating in it you want to do so. So I drew in my slack line and gave it a gentle tug in the hope of helping Stickle to get it out of his ear.

He was very abusive, so I let go the line and resumed my study of the book.

By and by he appeared to have become somewhat exhausted, and I thought I might safely venture past the boatman, and endeavour to assist him.

"My dear Stickle," I said, "I am extremely sorry that this unfortunate accident should have occurred. Pray allow me to assist you in extricating yourself from your unhappy position."

Could anything have been more polite, or could a generous sentiment have been more suitably expressed?

I have always suspected that there was ill-breeding beneath the veneer of the Stickles, but I knew it for a fact now. He caught me by the neck, gripped me very hard, and pushed me over the side of the boat, making references to my size and my looks, and even casting doubts as to the honour of my mother.

Have you ever looked at mud from underneath? It is very black and cold and wet. How far I sank I have no idea, but I was hopeful of coming up somewhere off the coast of Australia when suddenly I found my downward journey arrested and my feet going in an upward direction. Stickle, with the assistance of the tug I had previously given the line, had at last got the hook out of his ear, and he pitched the contraption over the edge after me. It was fortunate for me that one of the hooks caught the bottom of my trousers, but when my feet came to the surface Stickle kept my head underneath for a very, very long time.

"Now we're quits," he said, as he finally pulled me aboard, "and we won't do any more fishing."

So we spent the rest of the day in the comfort of a local hotel, after I had had a bath and bought a suit of clothes in a second-hand shop, and later, according to the habit of anglers, we had our baskets filled for us by the local fishmonger.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PRICE CUTTING.

Perhaps the most disastrous innovation in the retail trade to-day is the tendency to cut prices.

It has been said that retailers alone suffer from it, and that they alone were responsible for the introduction of the principle. This is not true.

Retailers as a body suffer from price cutting, but it was introduced, and is practised, only by individual firms. It is a case of the many suffering for the sins of the few.

The worst transgressors in this respect are the big firms who run multiple shops. In many instances their leading spirits care not at all if they ruin the trade in which they are engaged provided they personally make a fortune.

But with their purposes and motives the retail trader has little to do. The main thing is that one of these multiple shops has been opened in his vicinity and prices are being lowered. What is he to do?

Two courses are open to him. He may either lower the prices to be the same as those of his rival, or he may continue as at present.

If he brings down his prices, he is working on too small a margin of profit.

The profit percentage has been reduced in the ordinary course of competitive trading till it affords the small trader only a comfortable living. If he lessens this margin of profit, he diminishes his total takings.

It may be argued that by reducing his profit by one-third he will increase the number of his customers. In the case of passing trade in a busy thoroughfare such a policy may succeed, but in a residential neighbourhood and in such staple trades as those which cater for households, it is improbable that there will be any perceptible increase in the number of customers.

To put the tradesman in exactly the same position as before, his customers would require to increase by half as many again.

Let us suppose that the tradesman's annual profit is £300. By lowering his profit margin one-third, he reduces his income to £200. To bring it up to the former level it would be necessary for him to obtain half as many customers again.

Supposing that he succeeded in obtaining this increase of patronage, he would sustain an actual loss, for the cost of dealing with a greater number of customers would mean greater expenditure in upkeep and wages bills.

But, as I have said, it is improbable that this additional number of customers will be attracted by the reduction of prices, so that the result of the cutting will be disastrous indeed.

The other method is to maintain present prices.

By doing this you offer certain advantages which the multiple shop cannot give its patrons.

These cutting establishments adopt their tactics not only in regard to the goods but also in regard to the wages of their assistants. The men employed in these shops are, in the majority of cases, grossly underpaid; they are dissatisfied, and they are not particularly civil to their customers.

The small tradesman, on the contrary, is personally superintending his business, and he can vouch for the politeness of all his helpers.

The difference in the politeness may be regarded as a small point, but it weighs heavily with many customers.

Another point is this. The cutting shop is much given to adulteration and the use of cheap substitutes, which are, after all, but a necessary consequence of cutting. Let the small tradesman maintain his quality and rest assured that the public will shortly discover on which side their bread is really best buttered.

The cutting shops very often run only a few cut lines, and those customers who are induced to patronise them by the cheapness of certain articles, are dissatisfied when they find that others cost as much as they do elsewhere.

This fact, the general inferiority of the goods, and the incivility of the assistants, work out the fate of the cutting shop in time.

The small tradesman must grin and bear his loss till the public has learnt its lesson. Finally it will return to him. If, however, he is foolish enough to start cutting also, patronage will eventually be given to some shop which has never cut at all.

In advocating this course of action, I am supposing that the tradesman is already selling at the lowest reasonable profits. If he is old-fashioned enough to sell at ridiculously high rates, he has only himself to thank if he is ousted by a more pushing rival.

BEWARE OF INFANTS.

So much is this the day of young men that we now find in business many traders who have not reached the age of twenty-one, although for the most part they are not much below it.

I would caution my readers against granting credit to these infant traders, as the law calls them, for goods supplied in the way of business cannot be regarded as legal necessities, and their value cannot be obtained should the infant refuse to pay.

Not very long ago a Jewish trader named Frederick Joseph Levy was summoned at the City of London Court for £10, being the value of goods supplied. He pleaded infancy; the judge told him his defence was dishonest, but he admitted that it was legal and that he must give his decision in the defendant's favour.

I do not suggest that the average infant trader has any dishonest intentions, for a young man who is able to establish himself in business before the age of twenty-one is generally too clever and too far-sighted to run on any lines but straight ones. Nevertheless, it is well to exercise due caution in dealing with those who have not yet reached man's estate in the eyes of the law.

LEAVE THEM ALONE.

Should any reader be so unfortunate as to be out of a situation, let me warn him not to answer any of those advertisements which offer "Employment for whole or spare time," and which are to be met with every day in the wanted columns of our newspapers.

I have had inquiries set on foot, and now hold replies from most advertisers of this type. In no case is the post worth having. The most innocent advertisements offer you work as an insurance or house-purchase canvasser; the more guileful ask you to buy from them goods which they say you can readily sell at a profit; the worst desire to make you an accomplice in some criminal undertaking.

The most lamentable part of the business is that the money which these sharks obtain is drawn from the pockets of men to whom even a penny stamp is of moment.

They sail just on the right side of the legal wind, and their advertisements and contracts are so cleverly worded that it is doubtful whether an action against them would be successful. Besides, their victims are too poor to take action. If some wealthy man would do so, the business world would be his debtor.

THE ARTS OF THE JEW.

WHY HE DOMINATES THE BUSINESS WORLD.

In the world of business the Jew is a very potential factor. I do not think that it is fair to ascribe to him a greater amount of unscrupulousness than is possessed by other business men. I believe that his ethics are just as sound as ours.

It is his business genius that makes him win, and it is worth your while to make friends with a Jew and study his methods at first hand.

I number several Jews amongst my own personal friends. With one of them I made an excursion to Middlesex-Street one Sunday morning when the Jews' market was at its height. He took me into a second-hand clothes shop, and after a short talk with the proprietor we were conducted into a room at the back.

Here I was to acquire more knowledge of business acuteness in five minutes than I had gathered during the previous five months.

It appeared that this merchant dealt in precious stones as well as in apparel, and, having closed the door, he opened a drawer and spread some of his treasures before us.

My friend took up a rather fine diamond and after examining it critically asked the price.

"£20," replied the merchant.

I had declared myself a humble pupil in the art of buying, and my friend took this as an opportunity of inculcating a lesson.

"He asks £20," he whispered in my ear. "He would take £15. The thing is worth £10. I will offer him £5."

It was indeed diamond cut diamond, and the stone was finally bought for £12 10s.

The Jew has reduced the arts of buying and selling to a perfect science, but there are other circumstances also that help to explain his strength.

I think that the chief of the reasons why the Jew gets on is that his character is so beautifully self-reliant. Possibly this may be the result of the centuries of persecution which his race has endured.

The Jew will start in business for himself with the smallest capital. He has no false pride, and he does not mind dealing in old clothes, or empty bottles, till he has made enough capital to start larger operations.

The Englishman, on the contrary, won't touch a job unless it is a nice, clean sort of job, even when he is hard up.

Moreover the Jew is always courteous. On entering the shop you are received with smiles and deference, not the mere hollow pretence of cordiality which our English salesmen assume. The Jew treats you as if he really respected you. He is struck speechless with astonishment at the lowness of the offer which you make for some article, but he never looks coldly at you or hints that you had better try somewhere else.

Throughout the interview his whole personality is concentrated on getting you to buy this article at more than its value. Even if you leave the shop without making a purchase, he will show no signs of rudeness, but will assure you that you cannot get such a good bargain anywhere alse, and that he will be glad to see you back again when you have convinced yourself of this.

If I kept a shop I think I should have at least half of my assistants Jews, and the other half I should compel to study the methods of the Hebrew so closely as to assimilate them thoroughly.

On a recent visit to New York I met Mr. Isaac Seligman, the famous banker, and we had a long discussion as to the reason why Jews succeed.

He gave it as his opinion that much was due to their sobriety and singleness of purpose.

The Jew's amusement is invariably inexpensive, he does not mind working long hours, and, being free from the effects of dissipation, he is always capable of doing sound work. Moreover he is bred in poverty, knows its hardships and sets his mind resolutely upon the attainment of wealth.

B. ELLIOTT.

DOCTORS I HAVE KNOWN

BY A FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Too much has already appeared in the lay press concerning the technical side of our profession, and every day in my practice I have cause to recollect the old saw about the danger of a little learning. Here, therefore, I confine myself to what I may call the human side of our work, and we have opportunities of observing the nature of men and women in some of their most sensational aspects.

The layman often says that the doctor is made callous by his work, that he regards his temporary employers as cases and not as patients, that his interest in them is merely scientific. I wish this were true, for the doctor would suffer less than he does under present conditions.

I recall the case of a man who was looked upon by the rest of us as uncommonly callous. As an example, I have seen him eating chocolates in the dissecting room. Later on he became house-surgeon in a hospital, and he was still looked upon by his colleagues as possessing more head than heart. After that I lost sight of him for some years, and it was only the other day that I ran across him in London.

A BROKEN MAN.

He is now an absolute wreck, and it is obvious that he cannot live for long. He told me the cause of his collapse. After a short time at the hospital, he found that the pain and the poverty he constantly saw about him exercised such a depressing effect that for the sake of his health he gave it up and bought a private practice.

Here he got to know everyone in the district, and his patients were also friends. Consequently his anxiety concerning them was great.

Moreover he became what I may call a street pathologist; he diagnosed fatal diseases in strangers he met, saw that in spite of their apparent health and good spirits they were doomed, and clouded his life by nursing in secret the knowledge of these impending tragedies.

His was perhaps a somewhat exceptional case, for he took the gloomy side of his profession more to heart than the generality of us, but I maintain that care is one of the principal causes why the doctor's life is shorter than that of any other professional man.

In a private practice tact is all-important. Take the case of another man who was a medical student at the same time as myself.

WHAT THE VICAR'S WIFE DID.

After he had been for a while a ship's doctor, his parents bought a country practice for him, but he sold it at a loss within a twelvemonth. It is, of course, part of the etiquette of the profession that a physician shall not disclose to anyone the condition of his patient without the patient's consent, but in country districts this rule is frequently forgotten by the doctor's friends and patrons.

The vicar's wife, for example, considers she has a perfect right to know what the patient is suffering from and how he is getting on, and, when the local specimen of this amiable class asked my friend point-blank how the various patients were doing, he flatly refused her information.

She was vindictive enough to spread malicious reports in revenge for having her curiosity unsatisfied, and eventually my friend found the practice too uncomfortable to hold longer. Time and again I have been asked questions that I should not dream of answering, but I have never given a refusal; I just change the subject.

No layman realises how much the doctor is hampered by the patient's friends. They seem to hold the view that everybody would be immortal if it were not for incompetent doctors, and yet many a death can be traced directly to their attempts to play the doctor themselves.

An Exeter practitioner with whom I occasionally correspond was as a young man as kind-hearted as could be wished for, but, though he had all the innate courtesy and tact of a native of Devonshire, he never hesitated to resort to extreme measures for having his own way when mild ones failed.

He is just the same now, for the other day I had a letter from him describing a case where the good he was doing was being quickly undone by the patient's wife. The people were well off, but the patient refused to have a trained nurse, preferring his wife to look after him.

Her method may be gauged from the fact that in pouring out the prescribed teaspoonful of a powerful medicine she invariably held it above the glass, conscientiously filled the spoon and allowed about an ounce of medicine to trickle over it into the glass.

"I want him to get better soon," she told a neighbour. "The doctor says I must only give him a teaspoonful, but he doesn't say anything about what may fall over the sides of the spoon," and the neighbour told the doctor.

He had been puzzled at the slow progress of his patient, but now he determined to have the lady removed from the bedside. Persuasions proving futile, he assured her that she looked run down and prescribed a tonic.

What the tonic was I shall not say, but it made her so ill that she was laid up for a week. Then a trained nurse was called in, and the patient quickly recovered, the wife recovering too as soon as the tonic was discontinued.

ADVISER OF THE POOR.

Another friend of mine carries on a lucrative business in the East-End of London. His fee for consultation and medicine is sixpence a time, but he has the advantage of being paid cash down. He is an Edinburgh man, and I am inclined to think that that particular university supplies more sixpenny doctors than all the other medical schools put together; not that I wish to disparage the East-End doctor, far from it; they are mostly competent men.

I do not, however, envy them their practices if they are like that of my friend. Every day he is invited by one or other of his patients to break the law. Sometimes he is asked to give a certificate of good health to a chronic invalid for the sake of friendly society benefits, sometimes he is requested to certify that a man was sober at the time of an accident though he knew him to be intoxicated, the motive being the compensation money.

There are other illegal things which he is asked to do, but which I need not dwell upon here. It is enough to say that the East-End doctor has to be extremely cautious if he is not going to allow his patients to make a law-breaker of him.

WHY THE PRISONER WAS ACQUITTED.

On one occasion he was called in to dress a dagger wound on a man's chest, and, the patient being laid up, he had to visit the house several times. On these visits he found indisputable evidence that the man had committed a murder which was the sensation of the hour and had been stabbed by the victim in self-defence. Another man was standing his trial for the murder, and the public wondered why the judge's summing up was so directly against the evidence. The falsely accused prisoner was acquitted, but at the time none but the judge and the sixpenny doctor knew the reason for that summing up, for the communication the latter had sent was marked "strictly confidential."

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

OVER-KEENNESS.

A CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

Keenness is an admirable quality in a sportsman. The "slacker," "shirker," "skrimshanker," or whatever you like to call him, earns the contempt and derision of his fellows, and is often a positive source of danger, whereas the "keen" man is generally respected, though he may not always be exactly loved; for keenness, like every other virtue, may be carried to excess, when it becomes almost a vice.

As examples of the too keen sportsman there is the hunting man, the "thruster" who "jumps in your pocket," who wouldn't dream of stopping to render assistance to a fallen comrade, who jostles and edges his way to the front on every occasion, who, in short, allows no considerations of sporting decency or good feeling to interfere with his extracting every possible ounce of enjoyment for himself out of his too well-beloved sport.

Then there is the jealous shot, who takes every inch of his rights and a bit over, and is never so pleased as when he has succeeded in "wiping your eye."

There is, too, the over-keen fisherman, who poaches on your water, but would in no circumstances allow you to cast the shadow of a fly on his. And in cricket, football—any game you like to mention—there are men to be met with who strain the letter of sporting law to the breaking point, and outrage its spirit altogether.

Just as in business the man who is too keen ends by being unable to see just where sharp practice begins, so the over-zealous sportsman is apt to end by being a bad sportsman.

But there are other kinds of over-keenness. There is that species of the disease which makes the victim blind, deaf, and dumb to everybody and everything outside his favourite pursuit.

Most of us have met this type of man. He has not an idea in his head outside his horses, his dogs, his cricket, his golf-clubs, his what not, and he drags them in, in and out of season, generally the latter.

He'll horrify his fair partner at dinner or dance with the most intimate descriptions of the most loathsome diseases that horseflesh or dogflesh is heir to. He'll babble about cricket at a funeral and tell you golfing lies in church.

He is not confined to sport only. You meet him as the young 'Varsity man who apparently is under the delusion that he is the only man who ever went to Oxford or Cambridge, and that whichever it is, it is the only university in the world worthy of the name.

You meet him as the Territorial officer, who draws tactical problems on the tablecloth with a fork at dinner.

He doesn't mean any harm. He simply forgets that everybody is not necessarily so interested in his pursuits as he is.

Over-keenness not only makes you a nuisance to others, but it frequently defeats itself. For example, the man who trains too hard, who plays any game too strenuously or too long without rest or change, sooner or later goes stale, loses his skill, and with it his enjoyment in the sport, whatever it may be. Moreover, he who is too keen on anything is apt to over-reach himself. Let me give an example.

I have, or rather had, an acquaintance who is fond of borrowing half-a-crowns of me. One night he was on his usual quest, but I was not in a position to oblige him. He kept on pestering, until at last I told him flatly that I hadn't got it, and couldn't do anything for him.

"But you've got an umbrella," he suddenly exclaimed, and before I could say knife he seized my gamp, darted off, and presently returned with a pawnticket for my umbrella, which he very graciously presented to me.

But he was too keen. I feared that next time he would leave me parading Fleet-Street in my shirt tails, and so he borrows half-a-crowns from me no more.

Therefore, the moral of my little story and my little sermon is: Be keen, but don't overdo it.

G. W. WEST.

The SOLVER

A NEW SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

III. THE ASCOT MYSTERY.

I was looking out from the window of my room at the London traffic which never loses its interest for me, when a motor-cab drew up at the edge of the pavement, and I saw my old friend Edward Page emerge from the vehicle. I bolted out of the room and dashed downstairs to welcome him, and I reached the door before he had even had time to ring.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Page. "I'm off to take up the Ascot mystery, and I thought that possibly, this being Saturday, you'd care to come with me."

In another moment I had got my hat and coat and had seated myself in the motor beside him. I had read an account of this latest sensation in the paper at breakfast time, but as we passed along Oxford-Street I bought another journal to refresh my memory regarding the facts. Here is a summary of the report as the paper gave it:

"OUTRAGE AT ASCOT.

"A dastardly outrage was perpetrated yesterday evening at Danby Court near Ascot, the residence of Sir William Chester, so well known in racing circles. About a quarter to nine a gardener heard the smashing of glass, and, going to the conservatory to see what was the matter, he looked in and saw the body of his master lying stretched upon the paved floor. Medical assistance was at once summoned, but life was found to be extinct.

"It was Sir William's custom to go into the conservatory after dinner to smoke a cigar. At 8 o'clock the butler saw him enter the conservatory and close the door behind him, and he was not seen again till the gardener found him at 8.45.

"Much sympathy is felt with Sir William's nephew, who is his only relative. Mr. Anthony Chester left Danby Court at 7 o'clock, his intention being to motor into London, there to catch the boat train for Dover. The telegraph has been set in motion, and the French police will inform Mr. Chester of his bereavement as soon as he reaches Paris, where he was to take up a post in the diplomatic service.

"The detectives in charge of the case are hopeful of effecting an early arrest, as on the floor of the conservatory there was a half eaten apple, showing the imprint of teeth. It is hoped this will prove a valuable clue."

We motored right out to Ascot, for it was the quickest way of getting there, the train service being infrequent and slow. On arriving at Danby Court we were received by the late Sir William's solicitor, who had been left as one of his executors, and who had been responsible for summoning Page.

"I greatly fear," said the man of law, as he took us into the library to discuss the case, "that your investigations may have a sensational and extremely unhappy result, but for my old friend's sake I desire his murderer to be brought to justice whoever he may prove to be.

"I ought to tell you frankly that his nephew, Mr. Anthony Chester, has for years been a thorn in his uncle's side. He had no idea of the value of money and accumulated gigantic debts which his uncle time after time liquidated. Then Sir William gave him a yearly allowance, which Mr. Anthony promptly mortgaged with a money lender for a round sum.

"He was being pressed by his creditors before he set out for Paris, and it is only right that you should know that practically all of his uncle's property comes to him."

The old man's face exhibited an astonishing mixture of emotions. There was indignation at the crime, sternness of determination to find the culprit, and yet an element of sorrow in the belief that the tragedy was the handiwork of a young man who, he admitted, was likeable in spite of all his shortcomings.

"The Scotland Yard men in charge of the case are so convinced of his guilt," the lawyer continued, "that a warrant has been issued for his arrest, and by this time it is probable that the French police have laid hands upon him.

"He left the house at 7 o'clock, as you are doubtless aware, but it seems only too likely that he returned. He was alone in the car, as the chauffeur had been sent to London that day for supplies. The man brought the car back this morning but, of course, he knew nothing of what had transpired during the journey to town.

"However, we may all be wrong, and I sincerely trust you will prove us so. In regard to the apple, I may say that every one of the servants has volunteered to have the cast of it fitted on his or her teeth, but it corresponds with none of them."

"I should like to see that apple," said Page. "I suppose the police have got it."

We were taken through to the dining-room, where the chief detective was writing out a report. He had a plaster cast of the apple on the table beside him, and at the request of Page showed us the original, which was locked in a metal box on the sideboard.

Page examined the apple, made very careful notes, and replaced it in the box. Then he requested the solicitor's permission to search the house, and secured authority from the detective to view the body.

Page's searches were always inexplicable to me till afterwards, but on this occasion I did not observe that he found anything which could be of the slightest use.

As we hunted about in the library a servant brought in a postcard and laid it upon the table. Page, exercising his privilege, read it, and then handed it to me. It brought home to me in a very striking manner the uncertainty of human life, for it was a communication from Rayman, the trainer of Sir William's horses, informing its intended receiver that the writer would arrive at Danby Court that afternoon to discuss the progress of his various charges.

There was something pathetic in the little card, making an appointment with a dead man, and as I turned it over in my hand I glanced at the postmark.

"High Wycombe. 8.50."

At the time when this card was posted Sir William must already have been dead, and I tried to imagine the horror and surprise of the trainer when he learned of what had happened.

Presently we left the house and went down to the village in the motor-cab, which was still waiting for us. I do not blame inquest juries for constantly complaining of the unnecessary ordeal of viewing the body. For my own part I shall never cease to regret that I was tempted by curiosity to accompany Page into the room in the hotel to which the body had been taken. He seemed to see none of the ghastliness of the spectacle; he looked at it merely from the point of view of science.

On the back of the head were two wounds, square in shape, and apparently made with some heavy instrument.

"It does not take much reasoning to see that this was done with a spanner," said Page. "Just such an implement as you might find in the tool box of any motor-car."

Our next task was to visit every shop in the village that sold apples. The local grocer told us that it had long been his privilege to supply Sir William's household with apples, and he showed us some which he said were exactly the same as those he had recently sent to Danby Court; but they were not a bit like the apple which the police had in the metal box, nor could we find a replica of that apple in any of the shops in the neighbourhood.

Page bought, I should imagine, quite twenty pounds of apples while making his inquiries, and, when he had distributed these to a group of children, we again entered the motor, and Page unfolded a map.

"Drive a mile up this road," he said to the chauffeur, "and then come back again very slowly."

The man followed his instructions, and, as we turned back towards the Court, Page kept a very sharp look out, peering at the fence which separated the grounds from the roadway. Presently he ordered the driver to stop and we alighted opposite a stile, beyond which a path cut through a shrubbery towards the house.

Directly opposite this stile there was a small patch of lubricating oil on the roadway, such as motor-cars discharge. Page examined this carefully and then peered into the grass on either side of the path that led to the stile. Crossing this, he knelt down and examined the footpath itself with his magnifying glass.

Then he returned to the motor and ordered the man to drive us to High Wycombe. On arriving there Page wrote a note to his friend's lady, instructing her as to the time of his return, and after he had posted it I observed him writing down some figures in his notebook.

We ascertained from a loafer the position of Mr. Rayman's training stables, and thither we drove. On reaching the place we were at once taken in hand by a couple of very cute stable lads, who imagined that we were turf touts anxious to spy upon their horses. Page, however, informed them that we were agents of the motor company from whom Mr. Rayman had bought his bicycle, and added that we had been ordered to inspect the machine as it was not giving entire satisfaction.

We were thereupon conducted to a shed some away from the stables where the bicycle was housed. The stable lads kept a close eye upon us, and Page made his examination as quickly as might be.

He took out the tools from the bag, pretended to adjust some nuts, looked very wise, and pronounced that there was something very seriously the matter with the machine. Then he requested to see Mr. Rayman.

"He's just gone up to town," said one of the lads, "but," scenting a drink, he added, "you'll take me with you I think I can find him."

The three of us accordingly set off for a public-house which Mr. Rayman was in the habit of patronising, but before we reached it the stable lad pointed to a man who was walking up the street in front of us.

"There's the boss," he said.

Page tipped him, and the lad departed on his journey home.

My friend ordered the cabman to keep behind us, and together we set off to overtake a tall little man who was walking some twenty yards in front. His dress was horsey, but there was nothing about it to excite comment. I observed, however, that my companion looked closely at the man's feet.

"That is our man," said Page. Then stepping up to Rayman he said: "I arrest you for the murder of Sir William Chester."

The reply was one that Page himself could not have foreseen. With an oath Rayman whipped out a revolver and fired it first at Page and then at me. Fortunately he missed us, and next moment we had him safely pinned to the ground, ready for a constable who came running to our assistance.

When we had seen Rayman safely lodged in a police cell we returned to Ascot to tell the solicitor of what had been done, and by supper that evening we were back in London.

run home I extricated from Page his train of thought in making his deductions and conclusions in connection with the case.

"The first clue was the apple," he said, "but I am convinced that it will not fit the teeth either of Rayman or anyone else whom the police can find.

"As that kind of apple could not be purchased locally, I concluded that the murderer had brought it with him simply as a blind. In the event of his capture his teeth would not fit, and this would be regarded as evidence of his innocence.

"Here then we had a criminal who was laying deceptive clues for the police, and such a man is certain to over-reach himself.

"The postcard from Rayman showed the postmark 8.50, and that again would be taken as evidence that he was in High Wycombe at the time of the tragedy. In country towns, however, the postal collections are often several hours apart. Here for example there is no collection between 7.30 and 8.50. You can post a letter here shortly after 7.30 and count upon its bearing the 8.50 postmark.

"That is what Rayman did. He posted the letter to prove a false alibi, and then mounted his motor-bicycle and came across to Ascot. As the distance is but little over fifteen miles, he could do this easily in the time.

"The pool of dirty oil beside the stile might have been either from a motor-car or a motor-bicycle, but an examination of the grass beside the fence showed me that the latter was the vehicle used. There were two little oblongs, just the width of a bicycle tyre, where the grass had been pressed down. The pool on the road had accumulated either while he was starting his engine, or while he let the bicycle stand till he got out the spanner from his bag.

"On the path beyond the stile I found some recent marks of boots studded with nails in groups of three. Boots so studded are not worn by gardeners or others whom one would expect to find about such a place, but are by no means uncommon with golfers and men who are fairly well off and lead a country life.

"The step leading from the conservatory down into the garden had been whitened with pipe-clay, and upon it I observed similar marks.

"Here then was my chief evidence. We had a criminal who had already put down an apple to deceive the police, we had a postcard which proved an alibi, and with other supporting factors it was fair to connect the writer of that postcard with the man who laid down the apple and who struck the blow.

"In the window of a grocer's in High Wycombe I observed a box of apples exactly the kind that I was looking for, and in the tool bag of Rayman's motor-bicycle I found a spanner with traces of blood and hair on the head of it. Then I saw that he was wearing boots the soles of which were studded with nails in threes, and the evidence, even without his turning upon me as he did, was complete."

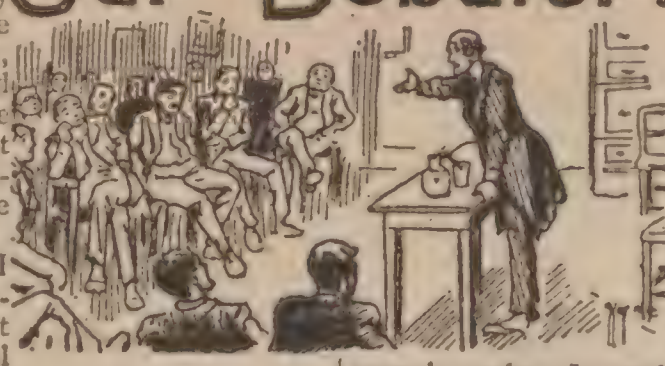
The question of motive was the one thing that remained unsolved, and this came out at the trial. Rayman had insured Sir William's life for a very heavy sum, the company making no objection to his doing so, because, Sir William being one of his best patrons, he had a direct interest in his tenure of life.

Rayman's action in attempting to kill us when we taxed him with the crime, greatly prejudiced his case in the eyes of the jury, but prejudice was unnecessary with evidence of this strength; perhaps the prisoner felt this, for, before the trial came to an end, his nerve gave way and he made a full confession.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Anthony Chester some weeks later along with his solicitor. The latter informed me with infinite delight that the death of his uncle had impressed the young man so strongly that he had turned over a new leaf, and was now as steady going as the most exacting of family solicitors could desire.

[*Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

Our Debater.



SOME FACTS NOT RECORDED IN THE MINUTES.

At our debating society we are in love with the sound of our own voices, a love that has continued in spite of the fact that the cycle agent once brought a phonograph and reproduced on his machine what we had said.

"Good gracious!" I said to my girl one evening, as we walked past his shop. "What awful row is that?"

"My dear," she said, "it sounds awfully like your voice."

We stopped to listen and, with the sweat breaking out on my brow, I recollected that the remarks made by the phonograph were exactly those I had used at the debater the night before.

It had been hat night, and most of us had spoken, so that everyone had a chance of hearing from this infernal-machine exactly what their voices really sounded like. But, as I have said, we still continue to love the sound of our tongues, which proves that we are enthusiasts.

AUTHORITIES IN PLENTY.

Mr. Greenbank, the debt collector, is, I imagine, the most enthusiastic of all, and he is invariably successful in debate. It is his wide knowledge of what famous orators have said that helps him to score.

Yesterday the subject of one debate was "Should our Navy be increased?" An eloquent speaker had pointed out that, if the Navy estimates continued to rise, we should in time have to pay 3d. for each packet of cigarettes instead of 2½d., and we might even be deprived of the pictures which the packets now contain, and so we were all on the point of voting against an increase in the Navy estimates, when Mr. Greenbank stood up.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low but tense voice, "what did Lord Salisbury say in '92? What did Mr. Gladstone say in '45? What did Lord Beaconsfield say in '61? What did Sir Robert Peel say in '53? What did the great Burke say in 1717? What did Oliver Cromwell say to Henry VIII? Yes, gentlemen," he thundered, "before you vote, consider what Oliver Cromwell said to Henry VIII!"

So, of course, we voted for an increased Navy, and determined that cigarette pictures might go hang.

Mr. Greenbank has a very dangerous rival in Mr. Forshaw, who occupies a position at the gas works.

THE MAN WHO HAS READ.

Mr. Forshaw's knowledge of political history may not be so deep as his rival's, but he has read widely and his power of allusion carries all before it.

Last week one of our subjects was, "Is perpetual motion possible?" most of us thought it was not, but we were brought to our senses by Mr. Forshaw.

"In the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,'" he said, "Macbeth touches on this very point. 'The music of the spheres unending motion doth foreshow.'"

He pronounced the last word very like his own name, and the allusion seemed so apt that we all voted for perpetual motion.

The young man who is generally Secretary of State for the Colonies, works in the public library, and he was inquisitive enough to look up a Shakespeare dictionary to verify this quotation. He said he could not find it, but that of course, was due to his ignorance.

Mr. Kesterton pretends to no knowledge of political history, but his opinions nevertheless are of great weight, for he is all but a cabinet minister himself.

Mr. Kesterton draws a salary as stoker at a local engineering works, and some time ago John Burns visited our town and inspected this particular hive of industry.

It so happened that Mr. Kesterton was in the yard as John Burns left, and he opened the gate for him.

Since when he has used no other argument than his personal knowledge of John Burns, nor does he need any.

Who could resist him when he says: "It's all very well for you to talk, but I know. As my friend John Burns once remarked — and never shall I forget his expression when I met him face to face——" Here he adds whatever he would have liked John Burns to say.

Mr. Maunder, the local undertaker, has a grave and impressive manner which never palls on his hearers. He has one little weakness; he must have everything that he is going to touch upon written down, and his notes he lays on the back of the chair in front of him.

He was speaking against Tariff Reform one night when the chemist, who regards himself as a patron of Mr. Maunder's trade, and affects a kind of superiority, was rude enough to remove Mr. Maunder's notes and substitute some others which argued for Tariff Reform instead of against it.

THE EPISODE OF THE PARAFFIN.

Mr. Maunder presently required to consult his notes, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he failed to observe the change and read out some things which knocked his own arguments on the head.

That was the beginning of a nasty feeling between Mr. Maunder and the chemist, which finally culminated at a lecture which Mr. Maunder gave our society on the subject of humorous epitaphs.

He had a glass of water on the desk beside him, and it was very nasty of the chemist to take it away and put in its place a glass of paraffin.

Presently Mr. Maunder took a good drink, but the chemist got his own back again, for he was sitting in front, and Mr. Maunder, without thinking, cleared his mouth of the paraffin.

ROBERT S. ALLAN.

SWEET EATING.

Many men are habitual eaters of sweets, although the taste is one supposed to be exclusively the property of women and children.

In our youth most of us were taught that sweet eating was injurious. This is one of those crusty old lies which flourish in spite of all the scientist's contradictions.

It has been proved that most of our muscular energy is derived from the sugar which our food contains. Sugar is easy to digest, and forms in many respects an ideal food. As proof of this we may take the fact that a packet of chocolate, which consists chiefly of sugar, forms part of the German soldier's emergency rations.

Sweet eating has yet another merit. It is directly opposed to indulgence in alcohol. A plentiful supply of sugar provides us with that energy the craving for which is generally the beginning of alcoholism. While alcohol ruins the constitution, sugar builds it up.

Sweet-eating may be cultivated as a habit in order to cut out another habit which is doing you harm. If you smoke too much, for instance, try it.

Much has been said as to the impurity of the sweets sold in the average shop. This is a kind of supplementary falsehood invented by the enemies of sweet eating when they found their former grounds of objection being cut from beneath their feet.

Sweets consist of sugar, water, milk, gelatine, gum and colouring matter. None of these ingredients are open to criticism except the last. Most of the dyes used are of vegetable origin and all are perfectly harmless. Even where aniline dye is employed the solution is so weak as to be perfectly innocuous.

The TRIPTYCH.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. T. THIRD.

With the methods by which Mr. Solly Bitner made his money this story has nothing whatsoever to do, but that he had made money and plenty of it is a fact which had better be mentioned early.

It was Solly's ambition to pose as an authority on art. It is doubtful whether he would have known an old master from an oleograph, but his shortcomings in matters of taste he was concealing very successfully by gathering about him an almost priceless collection of art treasures, one or other of which was reproduced in the illustrated papers nearly every week, with the gratifying footnote that the subject was part of the collection of Solomon Bitner, Esq.

His latest acquisition was an Italian triptych by Michael Angelo. On the particular afternoon on which I introduce him to my readers Solly had opened the triptych and sat looking at it with considerable satisfaction.

As illustrative of his taste in these matters it may be mentioned that he had the frame which enclosed the three pictures studded with diamonds of the first water. The thing had cost him many thousands, and he thought he increased its value proportionately by adding as many thousands to the cost of the frame.

Solly had a special delight in the possession of this triptych, because he had not paid for it quite what it was worth. If the bald truth must be told, he had approached the monks of Bradano, a little village in the south of Italy, who were then its owners, but found them deaf to his most tempting offers. Then he employed an agent of some skill and few scruples to secure the triptych without the monks' consent.

To put it bluntly, this agent stole the triptych and, though Solly had to pay him many thousands for his trouble, still the treasure had not cost him anything like its full worth.

While he was feasting his eyes rather on the diamonds in the frame than on the beauties of the painting itself, his butler came with the information that the Count of Padula desired to see him.

"H'm!" mused Solly, "sounds rather like an Italian name, but show him up."

And as the butler retired he continued to himself: "It isn't possible for a chap to know too many of these titled fellows even if they are foreigners, but all the same I'll just take the precaution of closing the triptych; if he is an Italian he might possibly recognise it, and get me into trouble."

A moment later the visitor was shown into the room.

He was unlike the commonly accepted type of foreign nobleman. There was none of the oily smugness, and no fierce black moustache. The stranger was a tall man, remarkable for his leanness; his face was clean shaven and very white; his eyes large and burning.

He was dressed in a frock coat, which made him appear even leaner than he was.

"You will, I am sure, excuse the liberty I take in calling on you thus uninvited," he said, bowing to Solly with great politeness, "but, being in London, I could not resist the temptation of requesting the privilege of viewing your collection of works of art, many of which came originally, I am told, from my own dear country of Italy."

Solly started a little at this last remark, but regained his composure in a moment.

Yes, of course he would be only too happy to show his distinguished visitor his humble collection. He did not know who the Count of Padula might be, but the Society paragraphist who usually saw to these things for him would be able to find out, and a well-written account of the visit and of the extreme admiration of the visitor would doubtless add greatly to Solly's prestige as an authority on art.

So the stranger was welcomed, refreshed with a glass of champagne and taken for a tour of inspection through the house.

Solly planned the circuit so that the room in which he had first met the Count should be the last to be inspected, for so he calculated that his visitor would be tired of sight-seeing by the time he reached it and would thus be less likely to be inquisitive in respect of the closed triptych, but Solly was, for once in a way, wrong. The Count had been only moderately interested in the various pictures which had been specially illuminated for his benefit, but when he again returned to the room in which the triptych stood he was all enthusiasm.

Solly had closed and locked the triptych, and it now stood beside the window, with its two wings folded together over the main picture, so that none of the painting was visible and all that met the eye was the rich carving of the frame and the brilliance of the diamonds with which Solly had encrusted it.

"If it were not for the diamonds on that carving," the Count exclaimed, "I should have said that I had seen this work before. It reminds me very much of a triptych which used to stand before the altar of the little chapel in the monastery of Bradano."

He looked at Solly rather than at the triptych while he said this, and Solly gave an obvious start.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact, I believe it did come from somewhere there, but the previous ownership does not worry me very much, my chief concern being that it is admitted by all experts to be the genuine work of Michael Angelo. In fact in its own line it is considered unique." And his embarrassment began to give way to enthusiasm.

"If it would not be troubling you too much," said the stranger, "I should be obliged if you would unlock it and allow me to see the painting."

"That," said Solly, "is impossible, for I have lost the key," and his fingers closed upon it in his pocket as he spoke.

"If that is so," said the Count, "you will require to have that lock forced sooner or later and I shall be happy to do it for you now."

With that he drew a dagger from under the tail of his frock coat, and was just about to force it between the doors of the triptych when Solly clutched his arm and pulled him back. But in a moment the stranger had wrenched himself free, and, wheeling about, interposed his person between the collector and the treasure.

"Do not," he said, "as you value your life, interfere with me at such a moment. I am a man of peace, but when my will is opposed I become extremely dangerous."

Solly stared at him in blank amazement, and the stranger scowled ferociously upon him, his eyes glistening malevolently.

Seating himself on a chair in front of the triptych, he continued in a lower voice: "I shall not readily forget how my dear mother contradicted me one one occasion. She asserted that a certain picture was worth a thousand pounds, while I knew that it was worth twenty times as much. And so I killed her. It was shortly after that that I became an anarchist. I have killed many people since. I would have killed you now, had it not been that I am anxious to see the triptych and did not wish to waste time."

With that he rose and made as if to recommence operations on the lock of the frame. Mr. Solly Bitner was no hand at dealing with such a crisis as this. The fluctuation of shares on the Stock Exchange left him impassive, and he could—he had done it often—ruin a score of families if their interests clashed with his own, but, when it came to a matter of personal danger, his nerve forsook him utterly.

He was standing between his guest and the door, shaking with fright, his lower lip hanging slightly looser than usual, when again the butler entered the room and spoke for a moment with his master.

"By all means," said Solly, "why do you stand there, man? Send them up without a moment's delay—or I'll sack you!"

The butler vanished from the room and Solly waited impatiently. Presently there entered a gentleman of foreign appearance, who was followed at a respectful distance by two other men of very muscular build.

"I am extremely sorry that you should have been subjected to this annoyance," said the [illegible] of the newcomers in a whisper to Solly. "To put matters plainly, our friend the Count of Padula is a hopeless lunatic. His family considered that a change of scene might benefit him, and so they persuaded him to make a world tour. I am a doctor and have been commissioned to accompany him, and these men are with me because at times the Count becomes very violent. Unfortunately he escaped from the hotel this afternoon, and we have just succeeded in tracking him down. I am glad that we have arrived before any damage has been done."

Solly's first impulse was to demand compensation for the fright he had received, but the necessary dispute over the amount of this would mean more delay, and possibly the destruction of the triptych, and so he merely announced that he was glad also and would be still more pleased to see the Count safely outside the house.

"We shall take him away instantly," replied the doctor, "but we shall have a very unpleasant struggle before we succeed in securing him. Though slight, he is a man of gigantic strength, and he will resist to the limit of his power. I should strongly advise you to retire till we can move him, for the scene will, I fear, be an unpleasant one. I can assure you, however, that we will take every care that no damage is done to your property."

Scenes of physical violence made Solly feel ill, and he was only too glad to avail himself of the stranger's suggestion and to take himself off to his library, where he recuperated his shattered nerves with half a bottle of champagne.

When he finally returned to the room where his chiefest treasures were, he discovered to his satisfaction that the lunatic and his keepers had gone. There was not a mark of the scuffle that he knew must have taken place. He looked about to see whether the hard head of the lunatic had chipped any corners off his valuable picture frames, but he could discover not the slightest damage.

Then his eye rested on an empty pedestal beside the window.

It was the pedestal on which the triptych had stood, but the triptych was nowhere to be seen.

On the pedestal itself lay an envelope addressed to Signor Solomon Bitner, and, tearing it open, the collector read this communication:

"The Abbot of Bradano begs to acknowledge receipt from Signor Solomon Bitner of the triptych which the agents of that gentleman stole from his monastery. The Abbot wishes further to thank Signor Bitner for his princely offering of diamonds with which he has encrusted the frame. The Abbot wishes to assure the Signor that all visitors to the monastery are certain to appreciate the Signor's munificence, thus adding to the beauty of the setting of the priceless treasure. In case the Signor should have any misgivings on the point, the Abbot begs leave to inform him that in future the triptych will be securely bolted to the floor before and to the altar behind, so that there is little danger of its being removed from its present place."

Solly picked up a financial newspaper from the table and tore it absently into little pieces.

"Well, I'm——"

But the sentence was finished in Yiddish.

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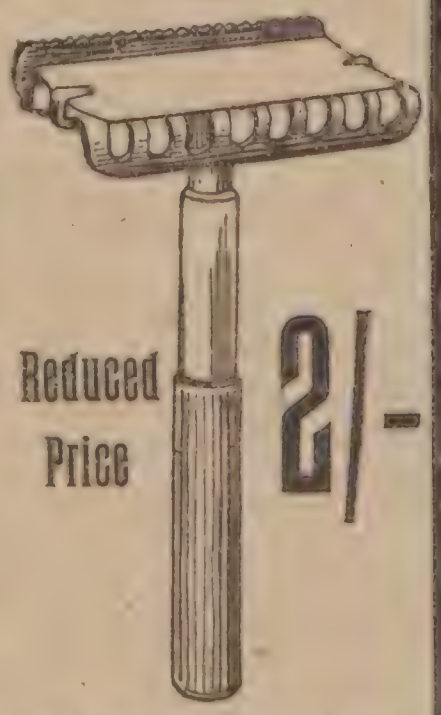

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A BRIEF FOR RACING

Pretty pastime, nephew! 'Tis royal sport.—MASSINGER.

That "the Devil is not so black as he is painted" is, in the main, the text of this article.

Some time ago a certain journal gave 2,000,000 as the approximate number of people who would be without occupation if all horse-racing were suddenly to be suppressed by Act of Parliament. That this number could be materially increased is plain when one takes into consideration the fact that the trade of at least one town, namely Newmarket, depends entirely on the racing fraternity.

Then again, the sales of certain "evening" papers, which are published at 11 a.m., would drop quite 80 per cent. were it not for "All the Runners and Betting, sir!"

KILL RACING, KILL TRADE.

The absence of the profitable race train traffic would not improve the dividends of the railway companies, and many a hansom and taxi-cab driver would find his receipts materially diminished if it were not for the direct patronage of the much despised "racing man."

Now these are only a few examples of the extraneous interests and occupations which would be affected by the suppression of those six or seven horse races on various courses, the programmes of which are published by all the leading dailies, except the "Daily News." Yet there are many venerated persons who turn up their eyes to-day and term racing "the curse of this country." Why?

Before a young man goes out into the world, his parents equip him with an Eleventh Commandment and that is "Thou shalt not back horses." He has been also fortified against the evil by the horrible examples read aloud from the Sunday weeklies, of clerks who have robbed their employers and weakly given "betting" as the cause of their downfall.

MEN WHO SHOULDN'T BET.

Now, it is admittedly foolish for the British working man to have "a bob each way" on a horse he has probably never seen and on the result of a race that will be run many miles away while he is toiling on his "job."

It holds out some fascination to him undoubtedly and he will fight as much for his privilege as he will for his right to drink his traditional pint of four 'arf. In the end, of course, he is certain to lose a few shillings, which may lead to complications, because he cannot afford to lose money—and it is such people as these that help to give racing its bad name.

To go from this comparatively unimportant factor to the racecourse itself, and mix with its regular followers, the observant man, however small his knowledge of racing, must be struck with one fact. There is no middle class that goes racing. They are either very good quality or very bad.

The charge for admission to Tattersall's and the Paddock at a race meeting of any note, is never less than a sovereign. On very big race days, such as Derby Day, I believe that it costs as much as £2 to get into Tattersall's Reserved Enclosure at Epsom. It naturally follows that, unless one has a pass (and these are only granted to the Press and certain other worthies), only the "best" people can afford to patronise this part of the course.

It is hardly fair to quote Epsom Derby Day, which is a National Festival, or Ascot and Goodwood, the Society functions, as examples of the everyday racing crowd, but a general idea of the regular racing man can be obtained at any of the "park" meetings outside London.

The company inside Tattersall's at these gatherings is fairly representative. Strolling into the Paddock among the well-dressed throng, rubbing shoulders with an earl and stumbling over a wealthy baronet's corns, one can only be struck with the thought that racing, in the words of the school-governess, is "quite nice" after all.

In the saddling enclosure the equine aristocracy, covered with coroneted and monogramed cloths, are being led round by diminutive stable boys. Everything seems so quiet away from the roar of the ring. There is an air of absolute luxury about the place.

ALL QUIET AND ORDERLY.

Here one may observe a lady chatting unconcernedly with a leading theatrical proprietor, just as though her attendance at the meeting and a description of her gown would not be in the Society columns the next day! Suddenly a little boy, who earns rather more per annum than a cabinet minister, comes up to receive his orders. A few minutes later that little boy, wearing the lady's well-known colours, is cantering down the course to the starting gate. Here is rather less fuss than there is at a four o'clock tea in Belgravia.

The majority of the racing men that frequent Tattersall's are well-groomed, and neatly, but not loudly dressed, and, if not saints, they are certainly no different in behaviour to the ordinary run of anyone who calls himself a man.

There are, of course, exceptions, but the better class racing man on the whole is not such a bad sort. He is charitable to his friends and fond enough of his home to thank heaven when a blank Monday affords him an extra day with his family.

GOOD HEARTS.

Bookmakers are frequently laughed at for their manner of dress, but it is not generally known that a bookmaker dresses conspicuously to afford a means of identification—not as a matter of taste. The writer, too, has known of many a kind heart that beats beneath a check waistcoat!

Among men trusted to work commissions for stables or who speculate largely themselves, failure to pay their debts of honour is a far worse fall than bankruptcy is to a tradesman.

In spite of all the talk about "pulling" horses so that they should be weighted lightly in a big handicap,—this is a thing which is never actually done nowadays. What jockey, apart from all other considerations, would care to risk losing the license so valuable to him? It may be taken for granted that a jockey wants all the winning rides he can get for financial considerations which, on the Turf, are not small.

PARASITES.

There is of course "the other side" to this picture and one has only to go among the crowd on the open course to see it.

What a complete contrast! It would be idle to attempt to deny that among the regular camp followers who infest this part of the course are to be found some of the worst types of blackguardism in one collection.

They most certainly look it, their language is usually filthy, and their object in life is to pick a pocket, or work the confidence trick on a greenhorn. Such characters frequent a racecourse because they know that the people who attend for pleasure must carry a deal of money with them. They know, too, that on a racecourse they stand an excellent chance of picking a pocket in the crowd.

These men would attend a prayer meeting and sing hymns if it was the custom for the worshippers to carry a lot of money about their persons. Their idea is to be where the money is. Now where there is racing there is money and plenty of it, and, because these blackguards select the racecourse as a field for their operations, they are pointed out by the ignorant as types of racing men!

If they went to church to pick pockets—and sometimes they do that—would they be described as worshippers? Of course not.

Then why call them racing men? They are accidental accompaniments of racing, and not essential parts of it, but they give the ungenerous and unjust critic a fine peg on which to hang a windy condemnation of the sport.

It is a well-known axiom that the pace of a regiment is that of its slowest man, and while that rotten class hangs on the skirts of the Sport of Kings, racing will always have the very bad name which, I contend, it does not deserve.

J. HILARY GARNAR

(Continued on page ...)

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No ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Lack of Energy, Nervous and Rheumatic Troubles. Indeed, there can be no doubt that they are largely on the increase at the present time. This would surely not be the case if the old medicines and methods had proved even partly successful as cures.

Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from lack of energy, nervous and rheumatic troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the most successful method is that of Galvano-electricity. Doctors recommend it to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is so short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly recurring expense and inconvenience.

The problem before the medical scientists was how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly-successful Galvano-Electric Treatment so as to make it:

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous, and*
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "GALVOPADS" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions as

LOSS OF VIGOUR	RHEUMATISM
NEURASTHENIA	GOUT
SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA
LASSITUDE	LUMBAGO
DEPRESSION	NEURALGIA

If you are a sufferer from any of the above you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the buoyancy of the wheels of your life. You are rarely, or never, without the haunting feeling of the "something lacking" in your constitution.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this important discovery of the GALVOPAD method of generating new energy to your sluggish system. You who do not need to be informed that by supplying your weakened system with the lacking force of life, there were of your Rheumatism, or Loss of Vigour, or other condition of your ill-health, must follow as a matter of course.

This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of the GALVOPADS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVOPADS.

The reader may at this stage wish for information as to the construction of the GALVOPADS. They are scientifically designed Galvanic batteries (worn as socks in the boots or shoes), constructed on the well-known principle discovered by Volta, who invented what is known as the Voltaic Battery. The GALVOPADS are in the form of a series of metal plates shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD batteries are manufactured from the two special and necessarily dissimilar metals (or elements) required to generate the Galvanic current, one GALVOPAD being worn in each boot. The GALVOPADS generate a

Wear them in your boots. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest; while you walk or sit; indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

mild and—what is most important—*continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt*, only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced. This is caused by your sluggish life fluid being quickened, and the increased blood pressure bathing every part of your body with warmer and richer blood. Thus every organ in your body is awakened, nourished, and strengthened to do its proper share of work easily and perfectly. Thus your body, by the greater activity and efficiency of the eliminating organs, is freed from the body-wastes that poison your system and cause Rheumatic and Nervous complaints.

The GALVOPADS are worn without the slightest discomfort when walking, and, in addition to their wonderful curative properties, they act as a safeguard against the danger of damp feet.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPADS will show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body via the sweat-pores of the feet. (The GALVOPADS must, of course, be kept clean. This can easily be done with some metal cleaning powder.)

The GALVOPADS, however, do not merely secure the deposit of what is only a small portion of the body poisons: a much larger amount of the Rheumatic and Nerve poisons is got rid of via the natural outlets of the breath, the pores of the skin, the bowels and the kidneys. The deposit on the GALVOPADS is only the visual evidence that their good influence is at work on your behalf. More welcome and gratifying evidence of the curative effects of the GALVOPADS is your ever-increasing sense of all-round health improvement. The Rheumatic Pains rapidly die away. The Nervous Irritation or Sensitiveness fades away like a bad dream. The mind becomes clear and bright. The body feels lightened of the load of its former poisons. Work becomes a pleasant duty instead of a slavish burden.

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair, two pairs 9s.) of the GALVOPADS is taken into consideration. It is true that a higher price might well have been put on them. *The inventor, however, stipulated that the GALVOPADS be sold at as low a price as possible, in order that the price alone should not stand in the way of every reader benefiting by their use.* That, in brief, is the reason of the low price of 5s. the set.

With so low a price to pay, can you neglect to do yourself so much good at such small cost? Send a cheque, money or postal order to-day, and the day after to-morrow you will receive the set of GALVOPADS with full instructions. Your money will be returned to you in full after a month's trial if by that time you can truly say you have not derived benefit worth a hundred times more than the small sum of 5s.

The set of GALVOPADS will be sent in plain wrapper, with full instructions, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (postal order) addressed to the GALVOPAD CO., Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

To the GALVOPAD CO.,
Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

[Please forward A Set of GALVOPADS, carriage free, to the name and address as below. I enclose Five Shillings in payment.

Name_____

Address_____

"M. M.," Jan. 23, 1909.] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EASIER CLOTHES.

Whether the change was due to the late Boer war I do not pretend to know, but on my return from South Africa I was much astonished at the change for the better in men's clothes.

Tight-fitting jackets were giving way to those of a looser design. Three inch collars were gradually yielding to those of two or two-and-a-quarter inches. Frock coats were dropping out of favour, and lounge suits were ceasing to be considered unsuitable for City wear.

Since that time progress in this matter has been rapid.

The frock coat is now the peculiar property of the shop walker, and of the elderly business man who adheres doggedly to the fashion of his youth.

Many City firms still insist that their clerks shall wear frock coats, but in almost every case the principals themselves appear in the more comfortable lounge suit.

Even in the case of clerks, the frock coat fetish is rapidly being destroyed, and I think I am safe in saying that in the majority of London business houses to-day it is not possible to distinguish between a clerk and his chief so far as dress is concerned.

LIMITATIONS.

The men who started the campaign for easier clothes, like most innovators, went a little too far. They thought that soft hats, flannel collars and cuffless shirts would be accepted with the lounge suit in business, but time has proved them wrong.

Few men are the possessors of sufficiently good features to look well in flannel collars, and it is necessary in business that one should look well.

If we have adopted the lounge suit, we have still adhered to the linen collar; though we have substituted soft fronted shirts for the starched variety, we still consider that our hands look less awful when they are set off by starched cuffs.

The bowler hat will not yield its place to the Homburg. Dress reformers should remember that, while we seek for comfort, we are not prepared to sacrifice appearances.

COLONIAL OUTFITS.

From time to time I receive inquiries from readers who are going to the colonies as to the correct outfit which they ought to provide themselves with. I take this opportunity of publishing the substance of the information I generally send them, as it may be of interest to other readers.

The chief thing to remember in the matter of a colonial outfit is that the colonies are not now, whatever they may have been, uncivilised countries. You should not go dressed as if you purposed a tour through Central Africa or across Siberia. The probabilities are that the emigrant will seek employment in one of the colonial cities, and whether he find himself in Johannesburg or Ottawa he will observe little difference between the dress of the inhabitants and that worn in London.

In the colonies the morning coat and silk hat are reserved for purely formal occasions and are not worn in the ordinary transaction of business. There, as in most parts of this country, lounge suits are the favourite business wear.

Your outfit must depend to a large extent on the type of employment which you expect to have. If you mean to work on a farm or in the country, wear what you would if you meant to do the same thing in Britain.

I should advise a man who meant to take up farming either in Canada or South Africa to take out with him as many lounge suits as he can conveniently manage. Half-a-dozen would not be too many. The Johannesburg price for a lounge suit is £6 10s., a fact which is worth remembering when making your calculations.

Underwear will be much the same as here, for the weather in most of our colonies varies between the extremes of heat and cold.

As horseflesh is the general means of locomotion, the emigrant had better take with him some riding breeches.

One need not be afraid of taking out a number of suits to the colonies, for we of this island set the fashion in the matter of men's dress, and there is no danger whatsoever of a suit made in London becoming unfashionable in the colonies for several years to come.

BREECHES STRAPS.

I have before me a letter from a reader who wants to know "what on earth is the use of those little straps which hunting and horsey men wear round the legs of their breeches just above their leggings or boots?"

Challenged thus boldly, I am somewhat at a loss to say. Breeches straps are supposed to be attached to the loop at the back of the legging, and are intended to keep it in place, to prevent it from moving round the leg; but this purpose cannot be thoroughly accomplished except by fixing the loop of the legging to the fourth button of your breeches in front, or to the button provided for that purpose at the back, as the case may be.

Breeches straps help to keep the legging in place, but they are not so effective as buttoning it on to the breeches. Therefore I must admit that to some extent they are worn for effect as well as for utility. They put a sort of finishing touch to a riding turnout, and in my opinion a gaitered leg never looks quite complete without them.

They cost about eighteenpence a pair at any saddler's or bootmaker's.

JEWELLERY.

A man of the type that is generally described as self-made, recently admitted to me that he wished it would become fashionable for men to wear a great deal of jewellery. He confessed that his taste ran in that direction.

It was not for mere vulgar display that he wanted to wear gold and precious stones, for he was an enthusiastic collector of them and delighted to sit and look at them in private. His good sense, however, showed him that his motives would be misinterpreted if he wore more jewellery than other men, and that he would be regarded as an arrogant plutocrat; therefore he desisted.

He will have to wait in vain, I fear, for the fashions to change in the direction he wishes. Jewellery is not a thing on which the average man is willing to expend money. £20 for a pair of diamond sleeve links, that would probably never be noticed, the man of to-day rightly considers would be better spent on the purchase of a few suits and ties.

A diamond ring on the finger, a gold watch chain, and a pearl or ruby pin are about the only possible items of jewellery that a man may wear without appearing vulgar. Gold sleeve links I do not mention as they are practically out of sight.

That is the one end of the scale. At the other we have the young man who is ambitious to be well-dressed at a minimum of expenditure. Let him avoid sham jewellery of any description whatsoever. Let his watch be gun metal and not silver-plated. Let him wear no tie pin at all rather than one that is not what it appears; let him have a leather watchguard, and not a gold-cased one.

The slightest sign of imitation immediately brings a man down from the world of the well-dressed, however tasteful his get-up may be in other directions.

BAD BOOTS.

In boots, as in all other matters of dress, extreme cheapness is the greatest extravagance. A guinea pair of boots will wear longer than two pairs of half-guinea ones, and will look better after twelve months' wear than the cheaper ones ever did.

One is sometimes tempted to buy a very cheap pair of heavy boots. You may have come to the conclusion from experience, that smart boots of lasting quality cannot be had for less than sixteen shillings or so, but you may still suppose that a heavy boot for country wear can be purchased for ten shillings.

If you must make the experiment you will, but I shall endeavour to give you the benefit of my own experience.

AFTER A WEEK'S WALKING.

I once bought a pair of boots in preparation for a walking tour. They had thick soles and seemed in every way suitable, and the cost was only ten-and-six.

I wore them for a few days at odd times, and then went in them from Exeter to Plymouth and back across Dartmoor, and before I had been three days on my journey there was a visible crack across the toe of each. By the time I reached Exeter again, these cracks had developed into actual cuts, and I was obliged to buy a fresh pair of boots to go home in.

I felt pretty wroth with the man who sold me the bad pair, and one day when passing his shop I dropped in just to give him an unsolicited testimonial. He had apparently had other customers who were equally enthusiastic, for he immediately trotted out a very plausible explanation.

"Ah, sir," said he, "I am afraid your feet must have been perspiring a great deal, and no leather will stand that."

Perhaps no cheap leather will, but I know that good boots will stand more than a week's perspiring feet.

In my own case it did not matter particularly, but it always seems to me that shopkeepers who sell unreliable footwear ought to be prosecuted. How many colds they cause it would be difficult to calculate.

I was glad to read the other day of one firm being mulcted in damages of £1 for a cold that resulted from boots which they supplied as guaranteed to be all leather although a large part of the sole was found to be pasteboard and felt.

PROVINCIAL TAILORS.

I know that it is a common belief that the best clothes are to be had in London. Within limits this is right. You will get a perfect fitting lounge suit for seven guineas in Bond Street, but my own experience is that the average London tailor will not give you nearly such a good fit as you will get from the best tailor in a fair sized provincial town.

The leading tailor in a provincial town is almost invariably a man who has had experience in one of the best London shops. He is admittedly the best tailor in his town, and there is no difficulty whatsoever in finding him out. His charge for a lounge suit may be from five to five guineas, but it will be perfect in every way.

In style it will be correct, if he has any pretensions to being up-to-date, for the tailoring trade papers, and his cutter's occasional visits to London, keep him right in the matter of fashion.

The provincial coming to London will find the utmost difficulty in getting a good tailor. The average London price is considerably less than that charged by the best tailor in a provincial town, but the fitting is not nearly as good. The provincial man has a permanent trade, the London tailor a passing one, which, as somebody says about his pills, makes all the difference.

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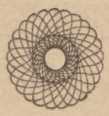
A MYSTERIOUS SCIENTIFIC NOVELTY.

Magical Machine Called "The Mysterion" Produces the Most Intricate and Exquisitely Beautiful Designs.

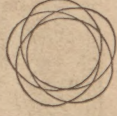
Will be All the Rage, and the Scientific Novelty of 1909.

Each year sees one novelty outstrip all others in popularity. The Novelty that will be all the rage during the 1909 Season will be the appropriately named "Mysterion." Last season it was the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top," of which, it is interesting to note, the Playground of Science Co. sold over a quarter of a million during the first ten weeks following its introduction. The same firm of Scientific Experts are responsible for the latest Novelty, "The Mysterion."



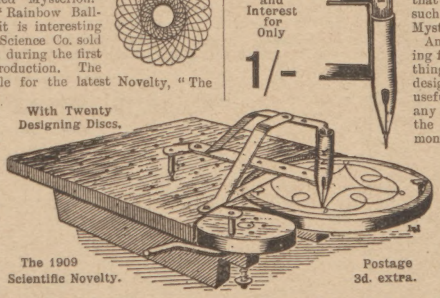
Never Ending Variety and Interest for Only

1/-



It is gratifying to know that we are not this time indebted for this latest novelty to either an ingenious Frenchman, or a cute Yankee, or a learned German. The "Mysterion" is the invention of an Englishman who took First Honours in the Mechanical Science Tripos at Cambridge. In durability and infinity of interest "The Mysterion" should easily and quickly eclipse the wonderful selling record achieved by the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top." The possibilities of "The Mysterion" are truly mystifying in their infinite variety. There is no end to the exquisitely beautiful and puzzlingly intricate designs that this marvellous machine will produce at the rate of one every half-minute.

There could be no better present to a child or juvenile of any age, while every adult of artistic tastes will be just as fascinated by the extraordinary work it does. To watch it "weaving" its designs with unerring accuracy and speed is uncannily fascinating.



With Twenty Designing Discs.

The 1909 Scientific Novelty.

Postage 3d. extra.

The average boy will forsake soldiers and all other toys for the wonder-weaving work of "The Mysterion."

The girl will neglect her doll under the strange spell created by the exquisite tracery so easily wrought by "The Mysterion."

The reason of its fascination is that the work of "The Mysterion," appeals so strongly —and so worthily—to that inherent human desire to "make something"—especially "something" that both interests and pleases—something that will be a joy to look upon, such as is all the work of "The Mysterion."

Another remarkable feature missing from most novelties and playthings is that just because no two designing attempts are alike, the "life" of interesting usefulness of "The Mysterion" is longer than that of any other mechanical article which goes on repeating the same movement or action until it becomes monotonously uninteresting.

Imagine the added and unusual value of a Scientific Novelty that *remains a novelty for days, weeks, and months*—until even variety itself at last satisfies the human craving for novelty.

As will be seen, "The Mysterion" designs with either pen or pencil. For the former, "The Mysterion" is fitted with a new patent fountain pen—alone worth half the price of the whole machine. This fountain pen is easily adapted to pencil work. Just "shave" a pencil until it can be pressed through the round point of the fountain pen. Use a long (soft) pencil, to get sufficient weight on the lead to "make it mark" on the paper discs.

We have illustrated this announcement with just a few examples of the work of "The Mysterion," which, be it noted, has a wider range of possibilities than designing machines which cost more. Every reader desirous of securing one (or more) of "The Mysterion" had better send order at once. Careful attention will be paid to orders of readers who desire several "Mysterions" sent to different addresses. The price is only 1s. (or 1s. 3d. carriage paid), or with 50 each extra Circular and Irregular Designing Discs (100 extra), 1s. 9d., post free. Two "Mysterions" *to same address* for 2s. 3d. Three for 3s. Six for 5s. If sent to different addresses, Two for 2s. 4d. Three for 3s. 3d. Six for 6s. Senders' cards or notes will be correctly enclosed if required.

The Playground of Science (INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES), **80, Albert House, 73, Farringdon St., E.C.**

THE SPORTING TOUCH

Why You Want Them.

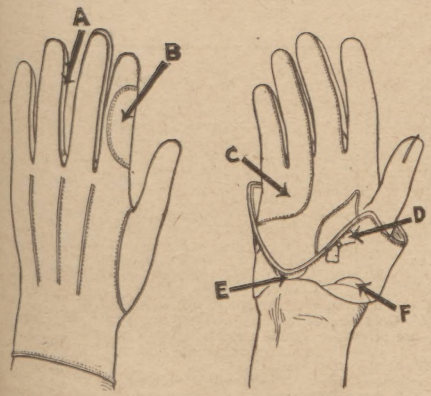
3/6

A man who is full of life and who is devoted to sport, likes to have about his appearance just some little touch that proclaims him a sportsman. He will have nothing vulgar or loud, but he must have something to remind him of his recreations.

What you have been looking for is a pair of SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES. They are strapped in exactly the right places if you are going to use them for actual driving or riding; and yet they are unlike other driving gloves, for they are in no sense clumsy looking, and are exactly the gloves that a gentleman may wear at all times except with a frock coat or an evening dress suit.

They make ideal gloves for cold weather wear, and they are as much superior to ordinary gloves as a pair of strapped breeches are to a pair of common knickers.

They are made of the finest cape, and it is absolutely impossible to buy anything like them in the shops. They are our own exclusive design, and have many unique improvements. It is because we deal in such large quantities that we can sell them at **3/6**, which is what you pay in any shop for gloves with no distinction.



Note the Strappings on these Gloves; they are at once sportsman-like, unique, and attractive.

LOOK AT THE DIAGRAM.

A and B.—These are additional strappings to withstand the friction of the reins. C.—This strapping is useful when you assist your left hand with your right in dealing with the reins. D.—The buttons are fixed on with leather instead of tape; they are thus much stronger. E.—This patch on the inside of the glove prevents you from tearing the stitching when you pull the glove on carelessly. F.—This is another strengthening patch, which does not show on the outside.

We guarantee that the gloves will satisfy you. If you don't like them, send them back (unworn) and we shall at once return the 3/6. But you won't return them, for they will please you greatly.

Order at once, stating your size, and enclosing a crossed postal order for **3/6**. Mention the "Modern Man." If the gloves are to be actually used for driving, we recommend you to select a quarter-size larger than you are in the habit of wearing, as this gives full freedom.

WE SEND ON APPROVAL.

These Gloves can be obtained only from

THE SHIRE GLOVE COMPY.,
119, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., Thanet House, 231, Strand, London.

JU-JU-TSU.

The Japanese Method of Self-Defence and Physical Culture.

The Most Perfect System in the World.

What it Is and What it Does.

JU-JU-TSU, "the art of gentle control," is the Japanese science which enables those who possess a practical knowledge of it to overcome, and, if necessary, disable the most powerful assailant, even if taken at a disadvantage, size, weight, and strength not being important factors; and apart from its defensive qualities, its practise will develop Health, Strength, Endurance, Vitality, Will-power, Self-confidence; and will cure Dyspepsia, Corpulency, Nervousness, and all kindred Disorders.

Self-Protection.

Every man, woman, or child at some time in life feels the need of the physical ability necessary for Self-Defence. The possession of a knowledge of JU-JU-TSU is your only **certain** protection.

A Recent Letter from a Pupil.

DEAR MR. GARRUD,—I was invalided home from India a perfect wreck, and after a course of 12 lessons with you I am feeling quite strong, have greatly increased my weight, and my strength is twenty times what it was a fortnight ago. I cannot too strongly advise anyone who is not in very robust health to take up the finest system on earth, *i.e.*, JU-JU-TSU.—Yours sincerely, R.S.T., Lieut. 13 Rajpan.

ONE TRIAL LESSON FREE, ANY DAY FROM 3 to 9 p.m.

Why remain at a physical disadvantage? Give us a call. You will be met with every courtesy, and be under no obligation.

HOURS, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Specially Suitable Methods for Ladies by Madam Garrud.

TYPEWRITTEN COURSES FOR CLIENTS IN COUNTRY AND ABROAD, 10/6. Many hundreds have been sold in all parts of the World.

Write for full particulars:

Prof. W. H. GARRUD

(Late Prof. Raku Uyenishi), one of the Founders of the Teachers' Gymnastic Institute,

31a, GOLDEN SQUARE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Boxing, Wrestling, Fencing, also Taught by Experts.